

*Regina Allen*

# HALLMARKS

## OF HARPETH HALL

1986







# HALLMARKS 1986

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Art Editor - Regina Allen  
Sponsor — Dr. Raymond Frontain

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## POET LAUREATE:

Cecilia Wong

## LAYOUT:

Regina Allen  
Lyn Robinson  
Peter Goodwin



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ENDING YET BEGINNING STILL  
Carol Cavin '86

All the white bows aren't quite straight  
And hems are anxiously jostled about  
As we stand together on this warm spring night.  
In our minds the white dresses stand for  
Our achievement of maturity --  
Already enlightened through years  
Spent studying in classrooms old and new --  
Already experienced; having the knowledge  
Of failure and of victory, we stand ready  
To share ourselves with our world.  
A sea of familiar faces watches with satisfaction  
The young ladies who were so recently  
Pouring their spirit into the classrooms,  
Sunning their legs on the patio and  
Singing their conversations through the halls.  
In their eyes we stand pure and fresh  
As the sky slowly dims and we alone are lighted.  
They hold in us hope and see us untainted  
By the world which awaits our arrival.



Leanne Little

Carol Cavin '86

Failure. Failure!  
Comfort me.  
Beautiful. Beautiful?  
How dare he!

FOR YOU  
Cecilia Wong '86

We met  
one day  
stretched under the sun  
with you sipping an orange juice  
and me contemplating a blade of grass.  
Since then  
it has been years  
but feels like a day --  
I have watched  
you break countless hearts  
and mend just as many  
the hearts that yearly grow  
younger, sleeker  
but you remain.  
I have cried for what  
mediocrity I feared  
seeing in you  
but even my tears  
could not make you tell what  
it is about you.  
I have been foolish  
beyond rescue  
and fancied myself worthy  
of your regard  
but you, like the one  
in truth you are,  
have forgiven and loved no less.  
They have passed on  
and now I must  
with them  
I, to rise and sing and fly  
for myself.  
But when  
you come to a place  
and the sun shines all day,  
listen for me.  
I have gone on  
but the true part of my heart  
stops  
in wait for you.





Rachel Frey

# FOLIAGE

Cathy Kanaday '86

The sky was a stalking panther when she conceived the notion that the house was empty and needed something different to complete her image of how it should be.

Where had everything from last year disappeared to? An examination of the basement proved that the dank gloom of its stones had consumed the ornaments which she had once dedicated so much time — time which she didn't really have — to creating. Once so festive and glorious, they consisted of parts of herself; bits of ribbon and pieces of costume jewelry, although garish when they were worn on dates years ago, transformed into sparkling gems when affixed to the sides of delicate golden and silver spheres; faded remnants of childhood frocks and doll clothes robed an angel choir. Now these tangible memories did not so much resemble her as they did the brooding December sky. Night had fallen and bitter frost covered the earth.

The windows the next morning were so covered with ice that the sun's gilded branches barely reached into her room to wake her. So much needed to be done the the next three days. The age old tradition of the whirlwind of parties preparing for the epiphany quickly evolved into a tempestuous rage. Time dwindled. Crowds grew. People simultaneously rejoiced and complained. At least the shopping was done. Elaborately wrapped boxes waited in the pale corner to be delivered. The house, devoid of any other decoration, seemed lonelier than ever. There was still so much to be done.

As the eve celebrating Christ's birth approached, each party topped the previous one; each tree was more extravagantly decorated than the last, each cocktail dress more elegant than the one worn before, each night the house emptier to return to than ever.

With Midnight Mass only a few hours away, she excused herself from the table leaving discussions of family relationships and disputes, business deals and occasional interruptions concerned with whether Santa would get stuck in the chimney behind.

The sky was a rippling foamless ocean when she remembered that her house was still empty and that it needed an evergreen to complete her image of how things should be. On the side of the road stood a man with a small forest of trees behind him, all loaded on a pickup truck. She selected a small, emerald cedar, loaded it into the car and hurried home so that she could get to service on time.

The Christmas sky was crying white tears which froze onto her windshield, momentarily obscuring her vision, but which were then quickly erased by the slim rubber blades. Some managed, though, to cling on to the tree as she carried it inside. Since a canvas bag contained the soil and roots at its base, the tree balanced itself perfectly beside her fireplace. A wandering moonbeam found its way through the bay window and onto a shimmering icicle which still dangled from the emerald needles. The icy prism reflected it, momentarily lighting up the entire room with its brilliant colors.

She headed out the door to go to the service. The house was full and the image completed.



# PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Cathy Kanaday '86

In the garden of yesterday  
he wandered amid the silver and gold  
dreams it grew

Selectively he chose a shimmering  
rosebud robed in dew

Sing of a dream  
silver and gold  
breathing voraciously

Sing of a time  
hopeful and free  
soaring recklessly

A people's song  
Undaunted

Sing of this dream  
expanding rapidly  
allowed to breathe

Sing of this time  
marching steadily  
Afraid to stop

A people's song  
unchangeable

Sing of a hope  
once flourishing  
yearning for love

Sing of a day  
once visible  
crying for help

A people's chant  
unavoidable

In the shadows of today  
he sleeps amid the faded and old  
dreams of yesterday

Dejectedly, he holds an ominous  
shadow cloaked in grey

Sing a song of despair  
for dreams  
for time  
faded beyond recognition

A people's story  
Unfortunately.

Sing a golden dream.



# REFLECTION

Cecilia Wong '86

Will they know  
the shape of my foot's  
fall upon these  
carpeted ways?

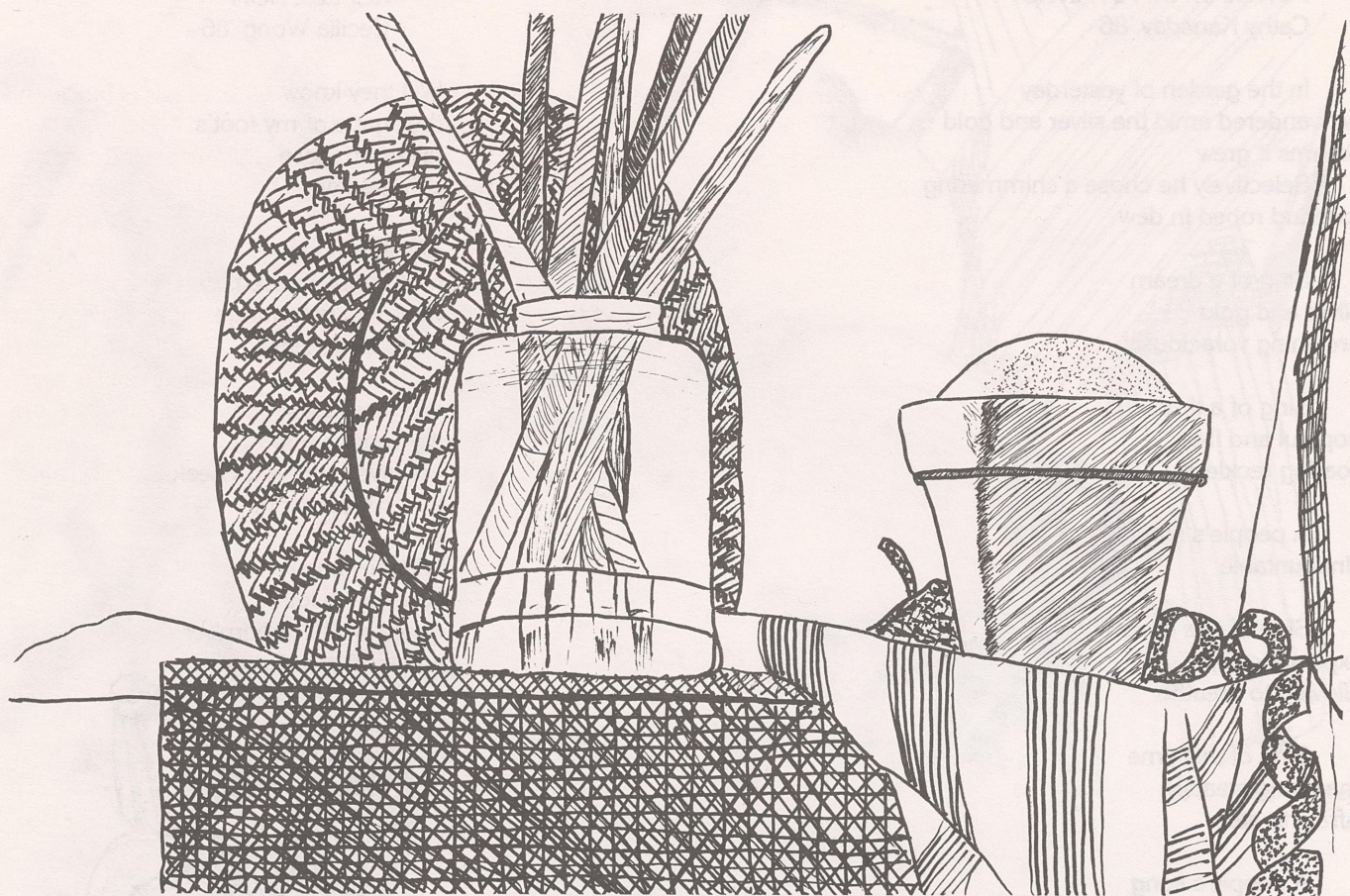
Will they know  
how I transgressed,  
returning the orange  
wall's every stare?

Will they know  
my various poses,  
contrived with red cheek  
for one attention?

Will they know  
how I once knew,  
what I am to remember  
and I suffer to forget.







Katherine Kennedy

# ON READING "LE LAC" FOR THE SECOND TIME

Beth Mitchell '87

A solitary man lies beside the lake  
For him its waters reflect only sadness  
He sees his only true love  
A beautiful memory of the past  
Never to come again

As I peer into those same still waters  
A strange sensation comes over me  
And I see a shadowy reality  
The sun rising over the graveyard  
A figure in brown stroking his chin  
Nervous faces huddling together  
One brief period in my life  
That I can never experience again

Man, woman, teacher, friend  
Although we could not save the moment  
Still the lake will guard our remembrance  
Its gentle waves forever whispering  
"Ils ont aimé"

# SONG OF MARY MAGDALENE

Carol Cavin '86

My heart froze as I gazed  
Upon the ruddy soldiers  
Who pulled down his limp,  
Tortured body.  
What life had once filled those  
Limbs and hands which  
Had healed my impurities --  
The soft firm eyes that penetrated  
My soul, wrenching my sin from me,  
Piercing my heavy heart  
With pure love.  
Now the wind blows coldly  
As the sun begins to shine again  
On the path which supports my steps.  
My heart pounds heavily and  
Yet skips as the sun warms my cheeks  
As if my grief is all for nothing.  
My eyes remain downcast, however,  
As I crouch into the opening  
Of his dark, damp tomb --  
Only to find it vacant and illuminated  
With the morning's fresh light!  
Lifting my eyes, the heavy pounding  
Heartbeats are shocked into a steady race  
As I focus my gaze on the living Master!



## BUTTERFLIES BEGIN TO DIE

Lyn Robinson '88

Vast white planes intercepted by black loom before her eyes. All she sees is black and white; all she feels is black and white. She moves cautiously towards the black mass waiting for her. As far back as she could remember, it had always been there waiting for her. Tonight she is alone; tonight, she goes to it. Her feet feel heavy and she needs a higher elation. Shadow vision stops her cold. She takes a deeper breath and strokes her unaccustomed fingers. She feels a knife, razor sharp, cutting a hole right through her heart. She raises her head in resolution and sits on the shiny black bench. Refusing to see the white, she carefully places her fingers where she knows they ought to be.

Her fingers dance and she lets her mind go. Surrounded by sweet music, soft scents, and colorful lights, she closes her eyes. Life is a dream, reality a distant place. She can be anyone; she can be anywhere. A fantasy in motion, glimmering color, shimmering sound. Glory be hers, dream be hers, life be hers. A whimsical smile on a familiar face flashes before her eyes. Dazed and glazed the flowers fade, and the butterflies begin to die. Her fingers grow stiff. The music is not so sweet, and the senses are not so sharp. She refuses to believe this horrible dream, and her fingers still fumble. The more she plays, the worse the sound, and the weaker and meeker the fantasy becomes.

Day by day she plays, wishing to recapture those youthful ways when life was but a dream in the silence of waking plays.

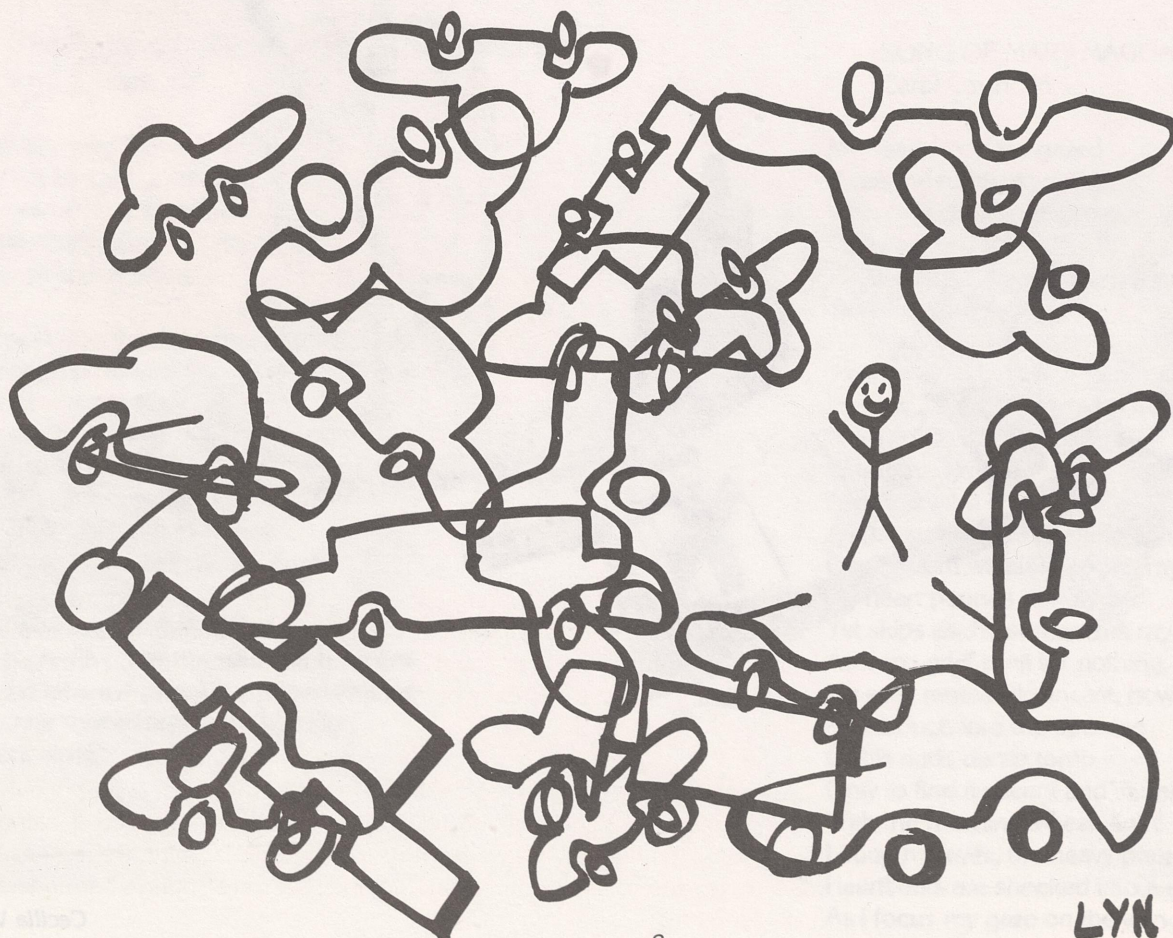


Cecilia Wong



ZERO  
(ON SEEING HER LIST)  
Maria Dolan '87

Where did this sudden  
void come from? This empty  
space I never knew — never once  
suspected — was I rejected by my  
creator? The count is nil — I've never  
really cared for many of the items on my  
scanty mental list — — what do I have  
to recommend my — — self — only an em-  
bittered pride and an "I've tried"  
attitude: sushi skating, restless-  
ly awaiting a new day, a fresh  
season. Yes, I've tried them  
Is skill or per- severance required?  
Even the soiled attempts at poetry  
Are like flat beer that sat on the coun-  
ter too long, no longer strong. Yet, yes,  
*je parle un peu de français* and that is important  
ONE MONTH - ONE GLORIOUS CRYSTAL BREAKING,  
STRIKING THE HIGHEST "C" MONTH IS AL-  
MOST A REALITY OUTSIDE MY HEART!  
almost a memory within my  
mind — the desolate state  
of dissatisfaction  
returns.





EXCERPTS FROM A JOURNAL  
Lyn Robinson '88

November 10, 1985

Thinking about the day that has passed is like a picture inside a picture inside a picture inside a picture, there is a point when interesting becomes monotonous.

December 20, 1985

Blissfully happy. Incredibly happy. Mellow. Fading into sadness a sort of drizzle of emptiness.

December 21, 1985

Peacefully calm. Silver and rose tinted reality. Nothing is real when I close my eyes.

January 30, 1986

I think of smiles  
soft, gentle wiles  
miles and miles of deceptive wiles

February 20, 1986

chivalry is dead  
it died with the stars  
and all the gallant, lonely hearts

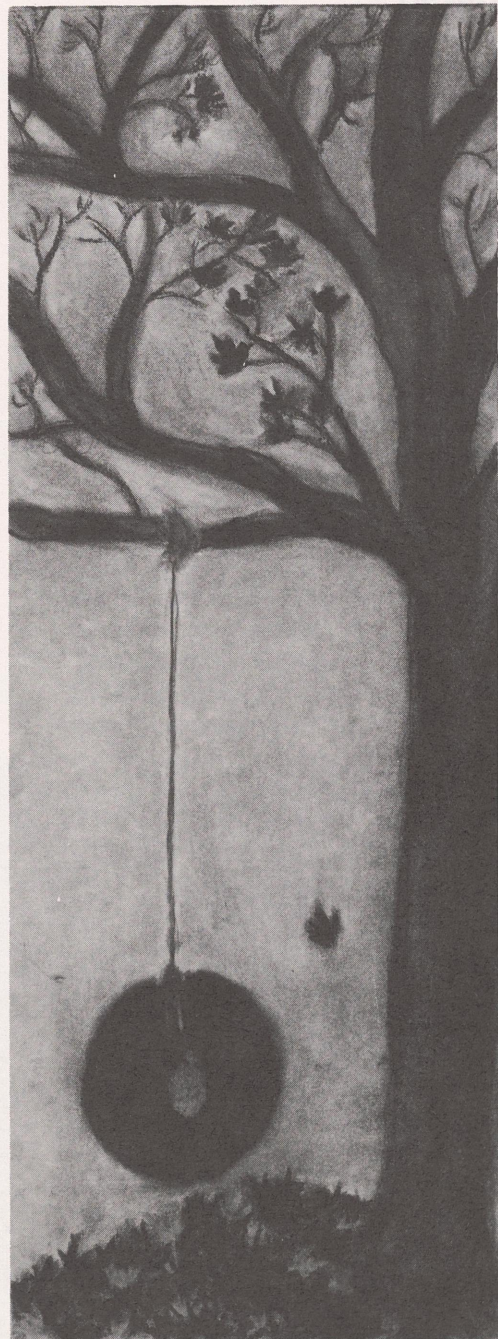
March 3, 1986

The day was a whale swallowing a mass of blues and greens and lifes blurred into a whirl of color and movement dancing through the atmosphere to join all the other days somewhere

lost or  
forgotten

March 4, 1986

forgotten  
in a glass apple reflecting color, never emitting  
or lost



Sarah Hardison

Cathy Kanaday '86

We continued down the spotted peach marble corridor at the murmuring pace. All of the people had come today, exhausting the limited space that the curators had granted to the impressionists. No longer could we wander freely like the illuminated people so carefully guarded in their gilt frames. No longer could we join them in their free, sprawling, shimmering parks. They had been rescued from their paltry tempera existence by their creator, preserved from the barren concrete walls upon which they now hung.

Instead, since our earlier option disintegrated, we created our own nomadic exhibit — four freshly mannered (but only lightly starched) young men and women wandering around a place completely foreign to us. Nonetheless, instead of taking the tourists' way out of the situation by admiring the things we had always been *told* we should admire, we let these estranged objects and people take *us* in. Why not? Among the constant elderly ruins of Winter, we were Spring's harbingers — neither self-conscious nor conceited, but merely youthful.



Maria Dolan '87

Though Shakespeare's love was twice  
As sweet, and Wordsworth's nature  
More complete, I know my heart has  
Felt each strain, acutely, if more blunt  
And plain;  
Each burning glance of naked eye,  
All sorrow in each tearing cry,  
The whispering winds of secrets, each ear  
The fairness of each cheek, a tear.  
All nature in one Autumn eve  
All truths the hearts of man deceive,  
All this my heart, o'er full has held,  
Once the husk of indifference, shelled.

Catherine Mayes '88

I often wonder where I belong,  
Because I know I'm not there yet.  
Maybe if I can hold on a little longer,  
I'll eventually find my place.  
A place where I'll be comfortable,  
And always among people who love me.  
My search for such a place has  
become a painful journey,  
And I often wonder why I continue,  
But I know I must in order to  
survive.

YOUNG TURKS  
Darcy Bookout '87

A cry far in the distance  
A billow of smoke in the sky,  
An uncertain youth given one chance,  
As the pristine flag is raised up high.

All excuse the sins of death  
As well-polished boots resound in the halls.  
Each clever official measures his breath.  
Flowers in the street, fresh paint on the walls.

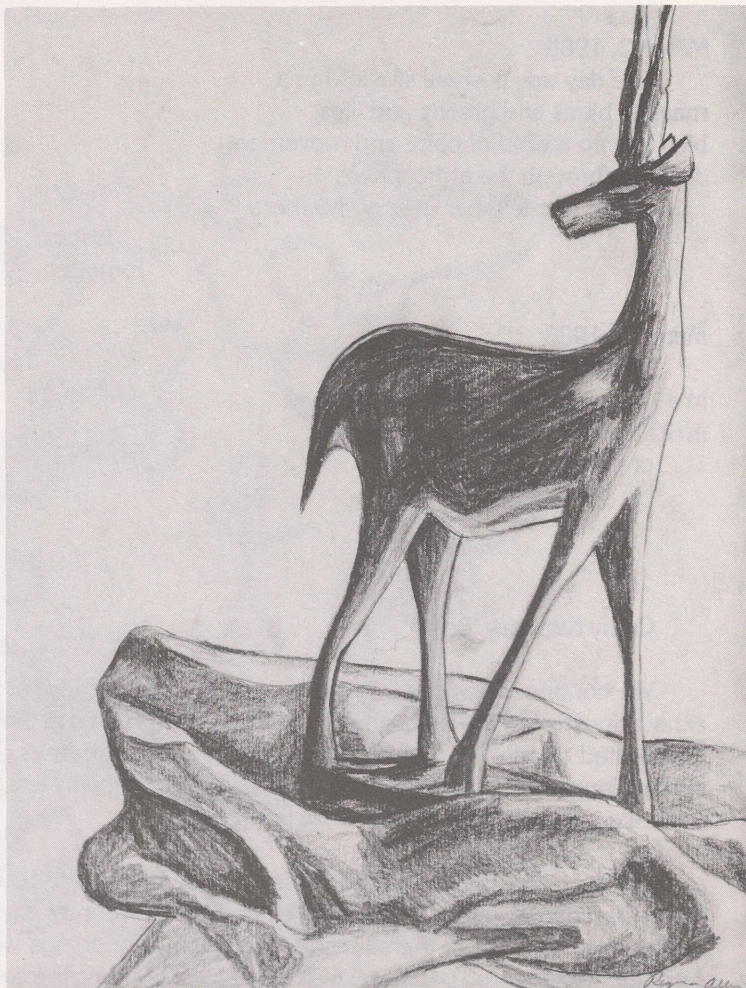
Strife - Revolution - Anarchy, each they wish to shirk,  
Yet no longer can they repress the fury of a young Turk.

INHIBITIONS  
Beth Mitchell '87

Inhibitions, I think  
It would be nice not to have them  
I could be myself  
I wouldn't have to pretend  
That I am what I'm not  
That I'm not what I am --  
Inhibited

Inhibitions, I wonder  
If they're part of my personality  
The real me  
Neither conformist nor anarchist  
Not in the spotlight  
But not in the shadows  
Just a little inhibited

Inhibitions, I know  
I'll never be completely rid of them  
Part of me will always hesitate  
I can dream of freedom,  
Make some plans, try to change  
I could just throw all my inhibitions out the window  
But what would everybody think?



Regina Allen



Jessica Gutow '89

And the rain descends.  
The clouds roll majestically as windows are closed and the  
world is encased in dreary bleakness.

And the wind gusts.  
The garments flap uncontrollably in the saturated air as the  
wind sweeps the earth.

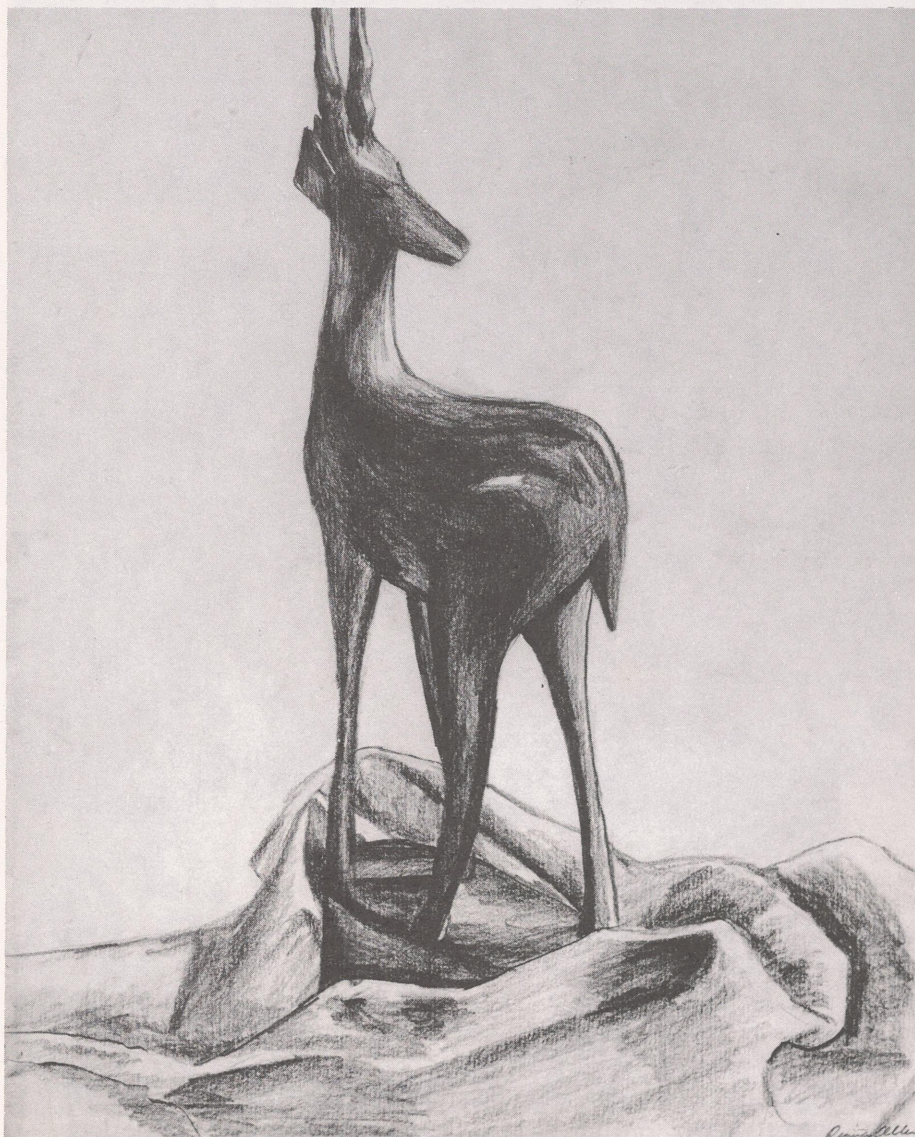
And the stars glow.  
Contently, the houses become dark as the night is filled with  
small lanterns of hope.

And the sun climbs.  
Illuminated with warm radiance, the grass bends comfortably  
as the swans raise their necks to the bright serenity of the  
fireball above.

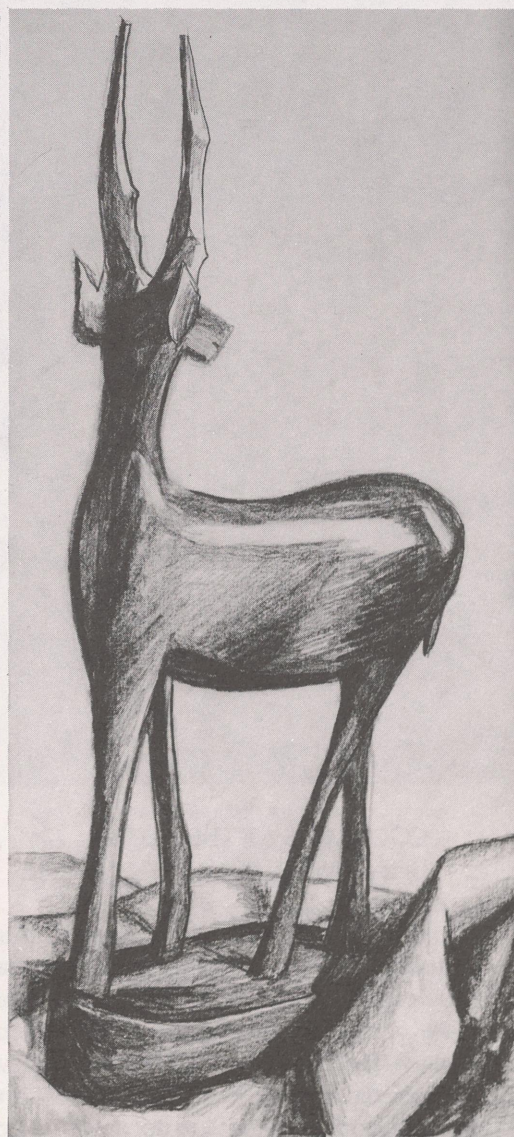
CHEERS

Melanie Russell '87

I offer a toast  
To those who die young —  
The ones who live free  
Whose songs are unsung.  
It seems like a good life —  
To be without pain,  
But do they feel laughter  
And dance in the rain?  
Can they live without memories  
Such as the ones I'm creating?  
Or survive without dreams  
Like the one I'm relating?  
Do they feel the thrill  
Can they see the care  
That I feel in my life  
Even if they're not there?  
I wouldn't trade places  
They can remain above  
But I'll sing their sad songs  
With confidence and love.

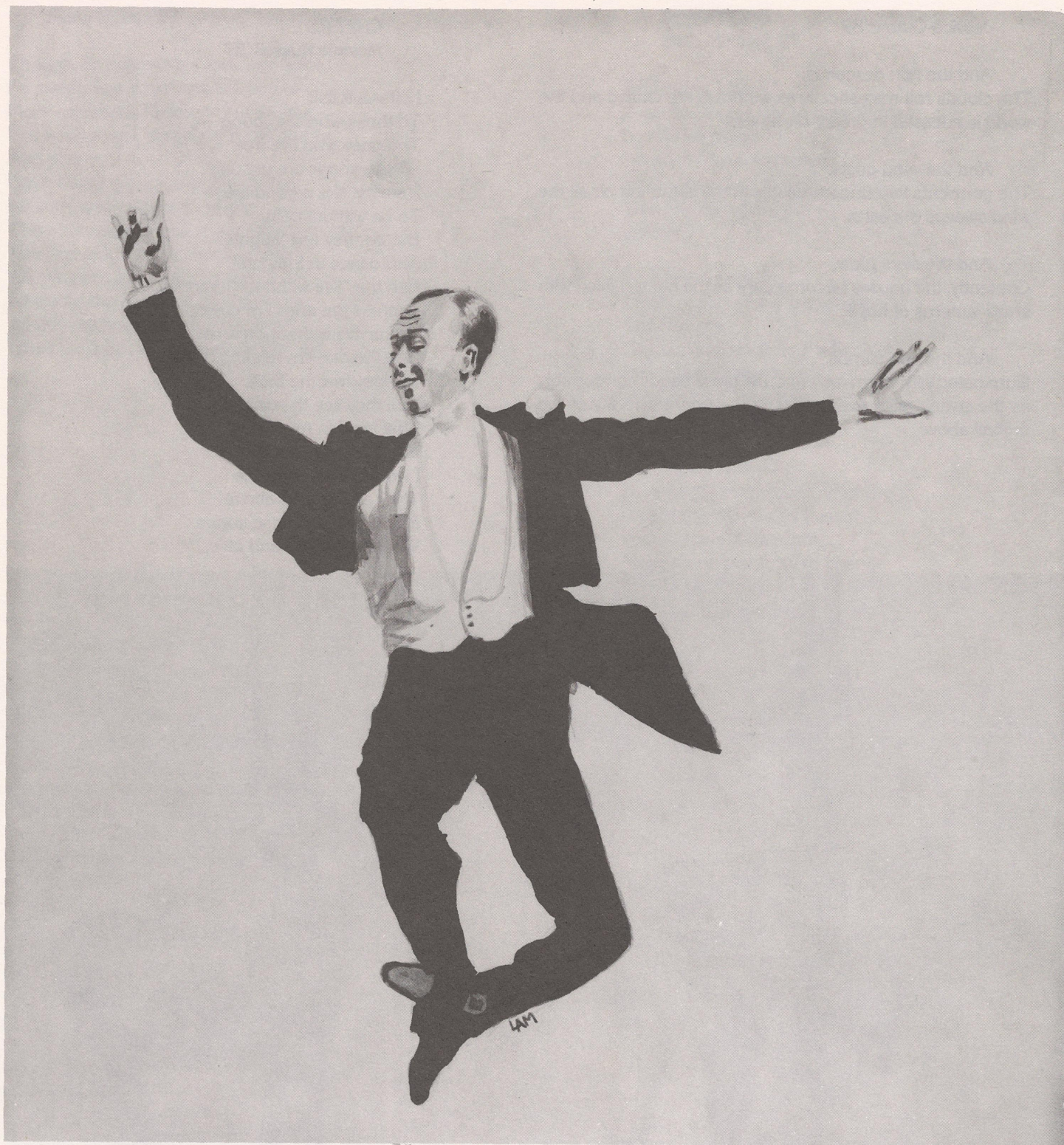


Regina Allen



Regina Allen



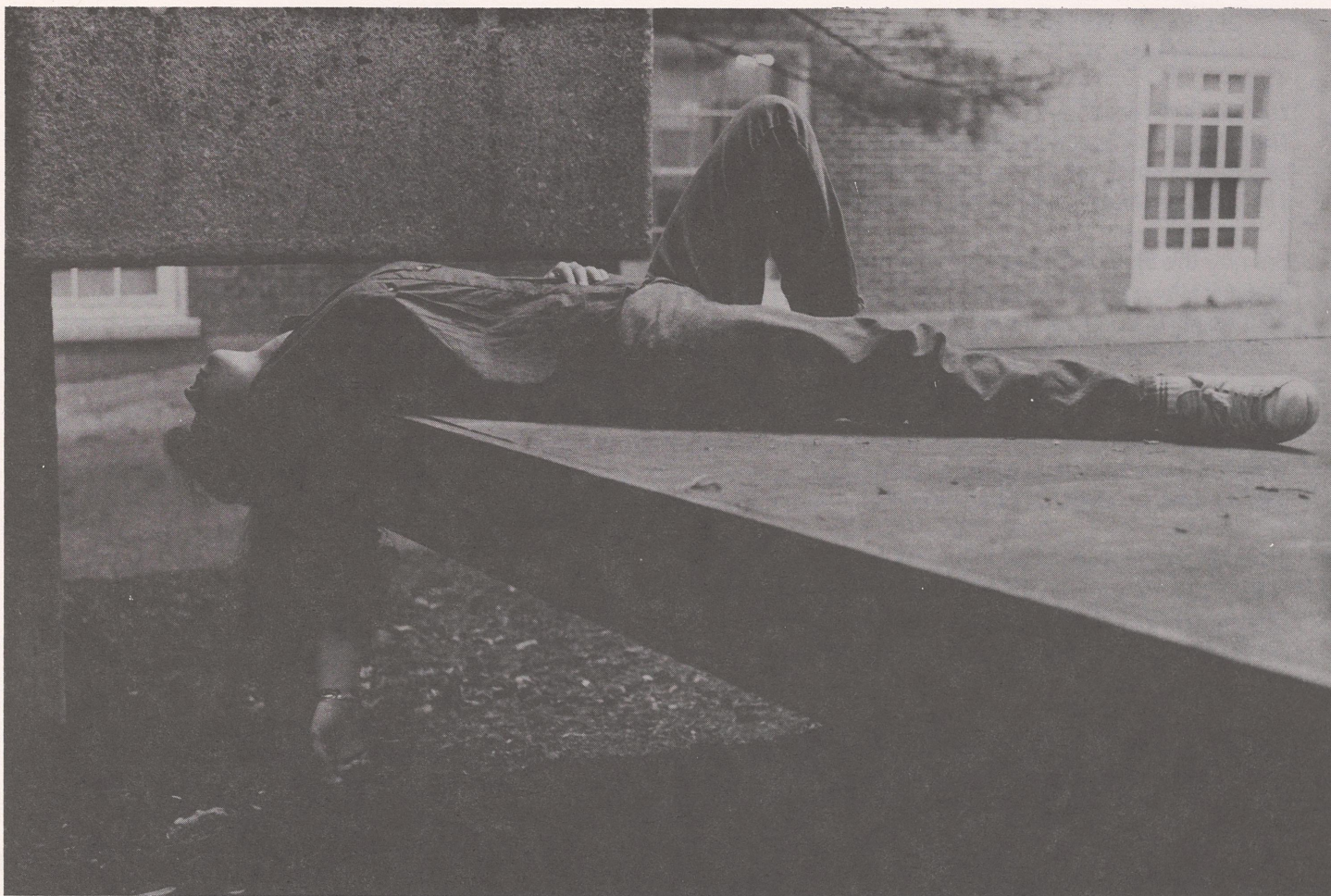


Laura Matter

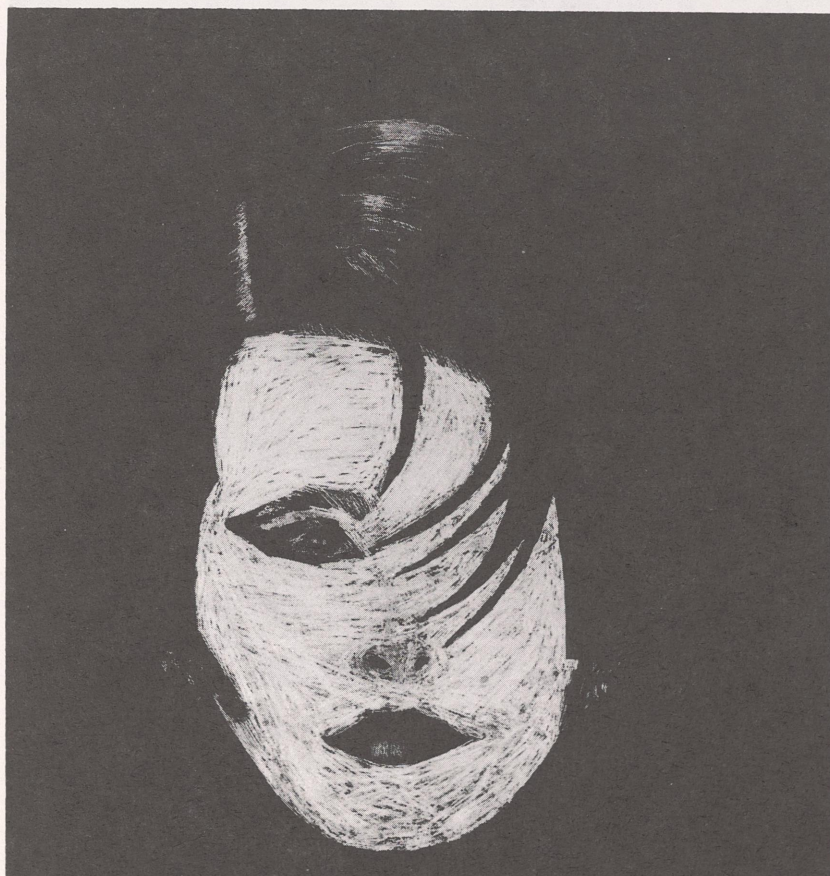
COCKTAILS AT THE CLUB  
Betsy Nichols '88

A joke. Funny? Who cares. Laughter. More laughter. Sighs. The wife could just die. "Darling, Plleeaasse!" Sociable embarrassed. Now a problem. "Guess what our lazy help . . ." Rehearsed reactions. More problems. Obvious solutions. "You ought to just . . ." Another sip. Unsincere sincerity. Nervous comments. "Of course it didn't hurt the business, you know . . ." Selfish participation. Old tales retold. Retold . . . "The dress was ruined! I knew wine would have been . . ." Winding down. At last. "This certainly has been an evening to . . ." Out the door. In the car. Wishful thought . . . "Darling, I don't really think the dinner party is . . ." But it is. The competition. The pressure. "We're *going*, dear. Now just sit back and pour yourself a Scotch and *whatever* you do, don't . . ." Long list. The car stops. Down the sidewalk. Deep breath. Ring the bell. The door opens. "Well, hellooo . . ."





Tamar Charney



Becky Watson

Katherine Collins '86

Do you believe anymore  
The key of wisdom is at your door?  
Time is carrying us away from life.

The day was long.  
The night filled with thoughts,  
The moon looked upon the earth,  
As the clouds drifted past.

Can you believe anymore  
The key to life is at your door?  
Yet time carries us away  
- If we can see just for a moment, today.



## GLORY OF THE HOUR

Laura Matter '87

You were the meadow, the grove and the stream,  
The earth in the Springtime you did redeem.  
I rejoiced the renewal of what had been trite;  
It was you once "apparelled in celestial light."

But now the Shadows hover o'er your hue  
And steal the splendor from the few.  
Your beautiful face shines not so bright  
As Winter coldness dims the Eastern light.

I've wondered the same as Romantics of past,  
"Wither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"  
It is but deep beneath the Shadows cast.

And may yet be resurrected in the Spring.

## LIQUID SKY

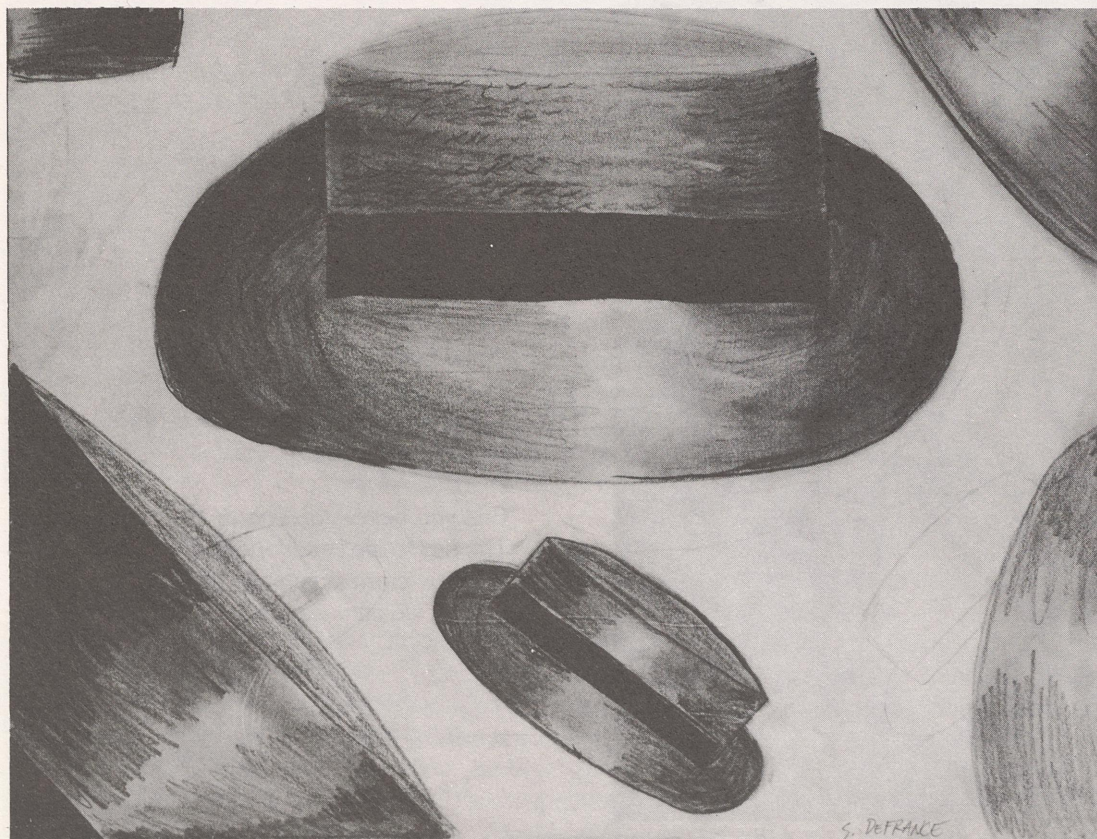
Maria Dolan '87

Like a Monet Garden, the flowers blur and blend,  
Spring emerging from Winter,  
The days growing longer,  
And the wind whipping up snapped branches  
From a late freeze.  
Chlorophyll green, the shoots darting upwards,  
Draw attention to the newly tilled ground,  
And the liquid sky broadens and lightens  
Pouring rain and rays alternately or  
simultaneously on the soft earth.

## WATCHTOWER

Tamar Charney '86

She heard as the coarse voice wailed into the darkness  
All along the watchtower the voice rang out  
An ebony nefarious equestrian moved across  
the black spaces  
Warming the still night air came the harmonica  
Only to settle and blend in with the night  
For the horse moved in  
on the king.  
Squares lifted chopping up the stillness  
There must be some way out of here said the voice in the dark  
Dylan's only horse squelched  
by the Knight.



Samantha De France



1ST PLAIN OF DEATH, 2ND PLAIN OF LIFE  
Regina Allen '87

The field is . . . beautiful. It seems to breathe, and the shiny green strands move under its sweet warm breath. A sigh, and the leaves of a large, soft-barked tree flutter in gossip. The sun's warm fingers gently probe the trees and ground, and smile to feel them massage my cheeks as I step out of the tree's cool shadow. I close my eyes and lift my face towards the golden glory; I feel it smile back.

A shadow passes quickly over my eyelids and I open them to see somber shades of a different world, a dying world. Already, the sun is dulled to orange, and the grass is shriveled. A rumble shakes the ground. Frowning, I turn to face it. The pathetic trees stare back rudely, their gaping limbs twisting in agony. The grass is dry, and the ground wheezes, her harsh, putrid breath, chafing up dirt and dead leaves. I turn back to the sun; it now leans dark orange on the horizon, its bony, spider-like fingers grasping to rip my skin with its burning talons. But I know it's too weak. I cry a tear for this dying, sorry world and think of my own. The sun pulls back in agony and in horror, having seen itself reflected in the tear drop. But this reflection was a golden glory of a sun — not this crippled, red sun on the brink of death. Warm rays of light pour from my mind and drench the dying land and sky. I close my eyes and imagine that moment before I had traveled: the air, the trees, and the sun's warm glow . . . vivid memories.

I feel the tingling of the sun's dancing fingers on my face. I hear the leaves gossiping in the distance and I smell the beautiful field's sweet breath as it tousles my hair. And somewhere, in my mind, a dying world breathes its last stinking breath and passes out of agony, relinquishing its space for a new, young world to begin. I smile up to the sun, and I feel it smile back.





# ARTWORK

Lori Kay Wilson '86

The lowest ... no one worse  
How could you let us down?  
Sure you intended to do well -- meant to  
And here you are again -- what's this?  
A stab -- naked and rude -- at creativity  
Who will you impress?  
You can't show off what you don't know.  
Time to lower -- or just shift -- ye ole  
"conceit of attainable felicity."

I crave grocery shopping  
What beats Kroger's?  
But no one'll know -- about that  
or about Bo Diddley, or Bluebird -- who'll know?  
When have you done just for yourself?  
Find an audience --  
We're too busy here -- you'll need to choose  
And excel -- go away -- I'm sick  
to fire all of you.



Beth Sandidge

# I CAN'T

Cecilia Wong '86

I  
can't need  
you  
to  
understand  
or  
hold my hand  
even  
I  
alone  
can't  
do  
so  
I  
can't help  
but  
wonder  
if  
anywhere  
out  
there  
you  
are.

Laura Matter '87

I can't bear to count the cards  
The hearts have disappeared;  
The spades cut and clubs beat  
In order to court the diamonds.

Lyn Robinson '88

teal red blues  
color the oceanchild  
filled the sound of the sea  
in her heart

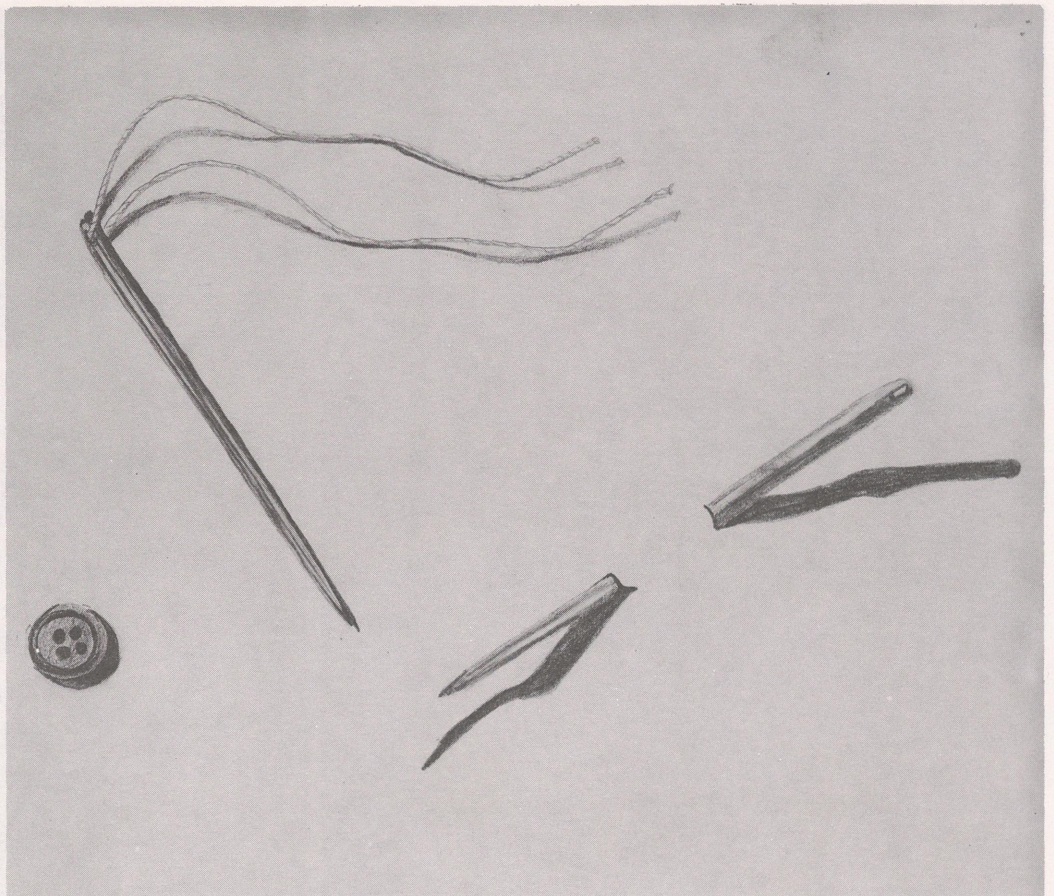
teal red blues  
cool the desertchild  
burnt from the heat of the sunset  
in her blood

teal red blues  
whisper the mountainchild  
swollen with the scent of the  
evergreens  
in her lungs

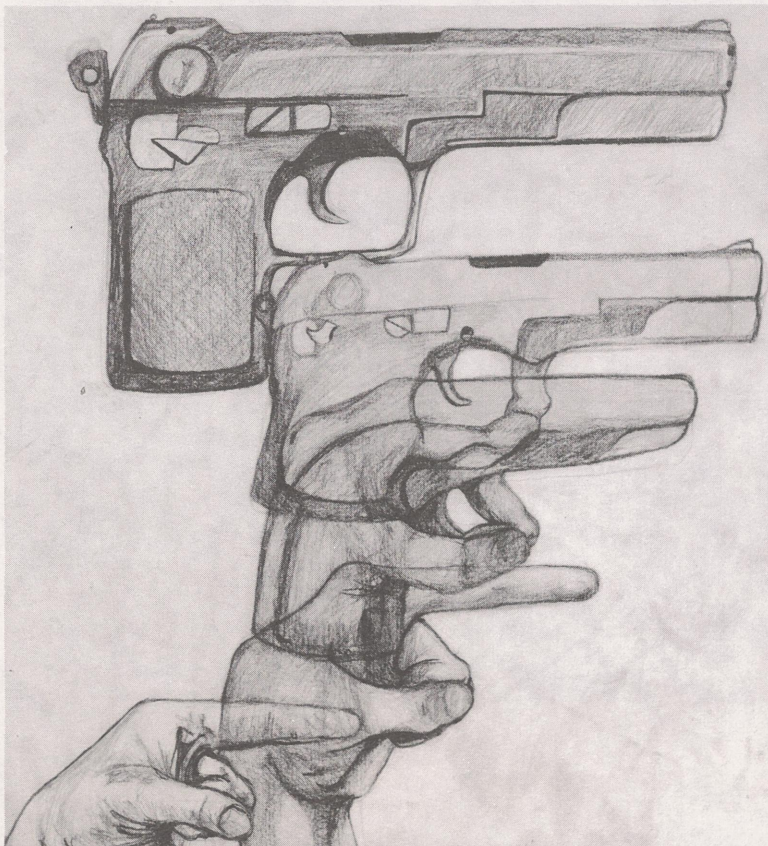


Lyn Robinson '88

wisps of life  
in slow melodious charm  
fall silver into your gaze  
suspended they dazzle  
they float endlessly searching  
fall silver into your gaze  
touching briefly only the flame  
in torrents of shame  
fall silver into your gaze  
shades of life lazily flowing out  
cover the earth  
fall silver into your gaze  
so pure they glide  
so light they slide  
so innocently you smile  
at the fawning wiles  
deceptively hiding  
the crest of the wave  
you are riding  
wisps of life  
in slow melodious charm  
suspended they dazzle  
they float endlessly searching  
touching briefly only the flame  
in torrents of shame  
shades of life lazily flowing out  
cover the earth  
as i fall silver into your gaze



Rachel Frey



Beth Sandidge

Cecilia Wong '86

i  
cannot own your burden; my  
own is more than i can bear.  
i  
know not of what i do  
my task is  
but gray, Black having abdicated  
worlds ago with White.  
alone  
in this life must  
i choose  
my God or my Man --

STRIKING THE SET  
Beth Mitchell '87

There is no dramatic finale  
Slowly our magic world is taken apart  
We've no time to pay our last respects  
Reality creates confusion  
We've laughed and cried together  
But now we cry separately  
For the magic is gone

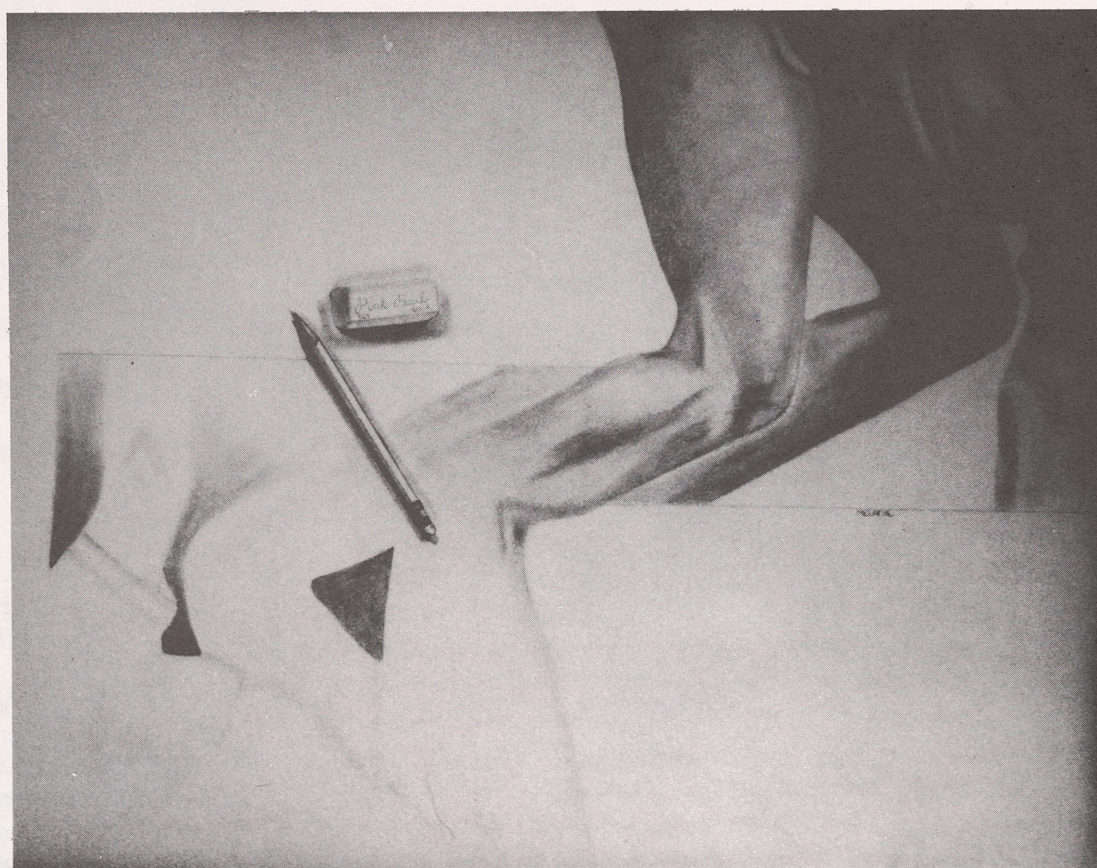




Anne Brown

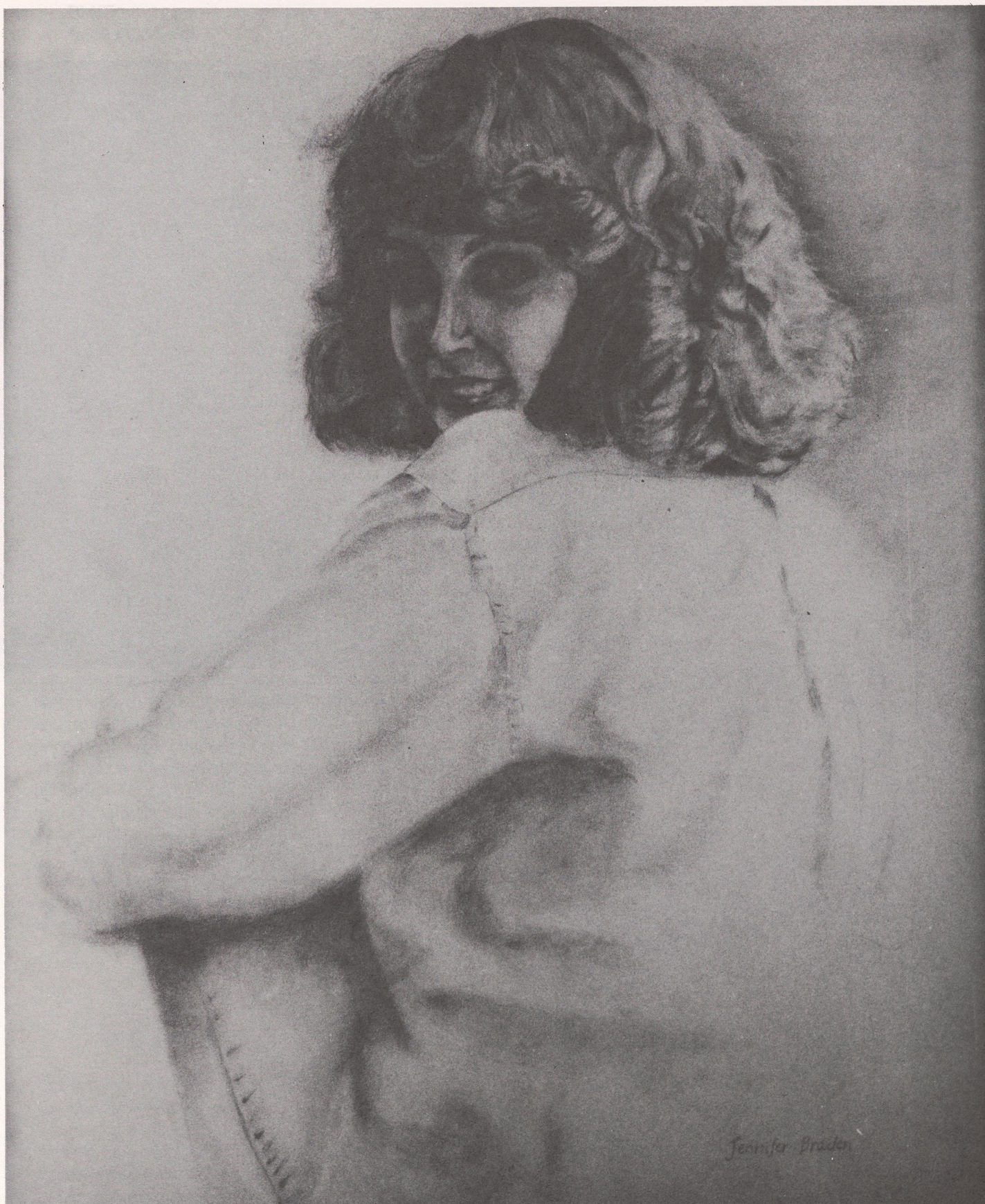


Noel Thomas



Melanie Russell

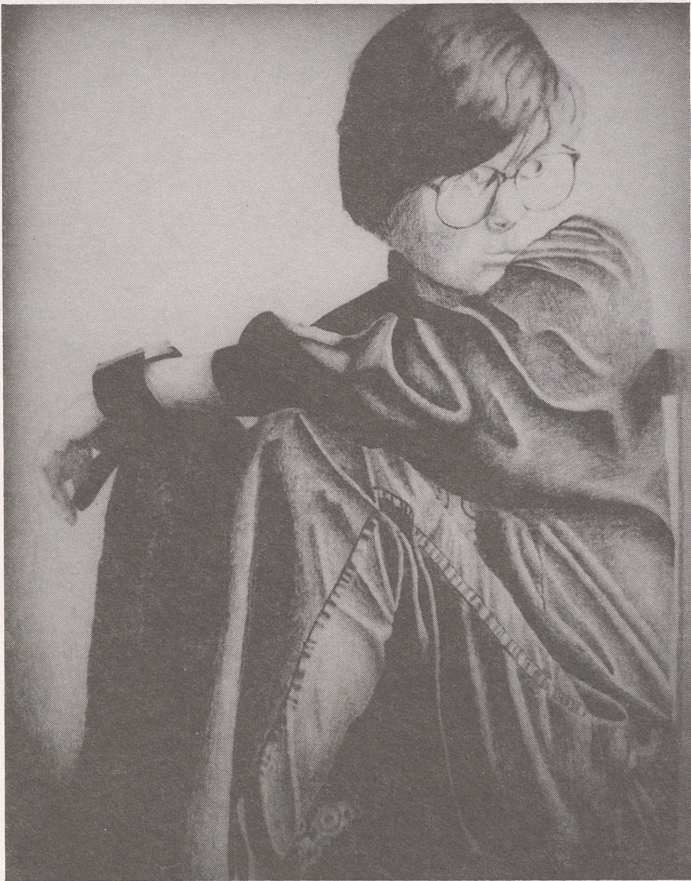




Jennifer Braden

## Self Portraits ...





*Lyn Robinson*



*Leanne Little*

Betsy Nichols '88

I saw a woman dancing the other day. Her dance was confusion. She had no song, there was no rhythm, and there were no steps. People watched with pity. They said, "We don't know that dance." But they knew. This was the dance of their lonely, dark rooms at midnight. Their souls danced this dance when they saw a sick child crying out, or a fresh flower wilting under the hot sun. People asked her, "Why do you dance so, woman?" But the woman did not answer. Perhaps, if she had, her dance would have become a dance of rage, or sorrow, or shame. Nevertheless, the woman still dances from time to time, as do the souls of those who pitied her.



## BLUE

Cecilia Wong '86

Last night I dreamed I lived on a farm. Though I know otherwise, I feel I have been there before. Perhaps it was a scene from a book or something said in a movie. Regardless, it was a farm, and despite what little I know of farming or geography, I feel quite sure it was a wheat farm placed idly somewhere in America. The place looked like southern America; it felt like middle America. Tall bloom posed in the field framed on either end by wooden buildings of blue. The first was a house, rather shabby and disrobing paint; the second was a supply shed of the same, peeling cover. I remember the sad rills of aging paint on the columns. The porch seemed to be crying blue tears.

Mama was there. In essence, though not in spirit, it was she. And there were litters of brothers, scarcely distinguishable from the pen pigs, and skulky, lean dogs aplenty, too. I don't recall a father. I think there might have been one but not Papa, and either way, a like presence was not distinct. The one element I do remember clearly was the uncommon predictability of all the characters. Usually, my dreams are peopled with progressive individuals; here, however, presided a stereotypical cast whose members played directly out of a latent text. Their actions were exaggerated and contrived, at best. I, too, was a part of this charade. Standing faded in a starched dress, waist-high in field flowers, I ran to greet the phone and in my haste, sliced my legs on the posies' teeth, merely adding new scars to the old.

The line was static-stricken, but I could distinguish a familiar, though strained, voice from the other end. "Is it you," he said, "Do you know who this is?"

"Of course."

"This is . . ."

I can't remember if he was annoyed or in trouble, but he was coming over. I recall not wanting him to. No reason for his coming or my not wanting was apparent. But a tremendous sense of urgency and oppression and my destitution filled the air.

Finally, he arrived. He drove an old-model American car, which, between the rust spots, appeared blue. A thin film enwrapped the vehicle and dust flew everywhere as he approached. Despite the car's obvious antiquation, it looked comparatively recent, almost unwearied. I was ashamed of my old dress, my rambling family, my poor farm. He was just as I pictured: lean, tall, spectacled, and natural. I knew him only in a limited capacity but always just enough. I was never clear on why he was there; he simply was. But as dreams have their own sense of logic, I did not want to know. Only now in wake do I wonder.

He had two sons, grown but still young as not to infringe on his youth or my connection to him. Like him, they were tall, but unlike him, they materialized unannounced. I remember watching the three playing from the house and reflecting on something, though the feeling now is gone. They sported hard. And then he was leaving. He was angry. I did not want to be left. He started walking away from the house, past the field, toward the car. The kids were not with him. He quickened his pace; I took to running. I don't know if I caught his arm or what, but I somehow caught his attention. I spoke. He breathed ice. The field drew long then: I could see the house and the shed and even the wrinkled blue, but the space in between was interminable.

I reiterated. He responded.

"Can't you see -- it's not like that -- you, I -- You are not like the others!"

Tears spilled on my dress, giving the old print a new hue. We walked back to the house. My brothers, in their patchy suspenders, were shelling peas or peeling potatoes and throwing bones at the dogs. My mother was fixing supper. And before we disappeared behind the house, I ran my hand along the wall, stripping the paint clean away. A fresh layer breathed at last, and I awoke.

FINIS!

## FISH TANK

Tamar Charney '86

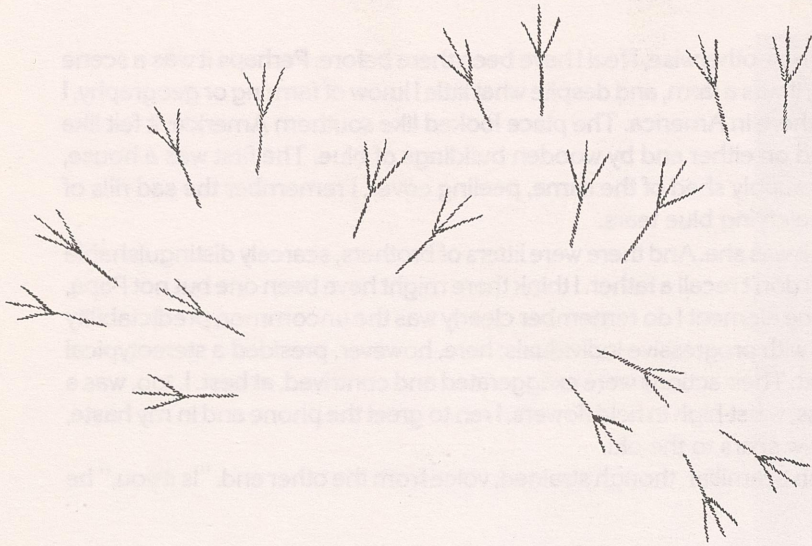
Life in a fish tank,  
Existing for existing.  
Wandering aimlessly.  
Waiting for a meal --  
Primitive entertainment  
In between more swimming -- uphill.  
No way out  
No Freedom  
Imprisonment in a fish tank,  
Boredom in the water  
Lack of understanding  
Conforming to the standards.

## COLOR BLIND

Laura Matter '87

She could see clearly the lines and  
contour which neatly portrayed him: so  
charming and fair to her innocent eyes.  
She could not, however, perceive his  
black intentions until they were illuminated  
by the red which flowed forth  
from her mangled heart.





Rachel Frey

TO 5TH PERIOD LUNCH AND 13 WHO HAVE  
PASSED BEFORE AND WILL PASS AGAIN  
Lyn Robinson '88

moist with the dew sprinkled wind,  
the golden gleams  
of sunkissed blades  
shudder  
in a thousand  
moments  
"you will (kiss me) go"\*

\*e.e. cummings

NIGHTMARE  
Maria Dolan '87

Lightning strikes the plain, brown hill,  
As druids, gnomes and creatures grey,  
Run to catch the Morphoses flower,  
Blooming through each sepulchrous day

The warlock shrouded in deep blood-red,  
Makes papyrus in the showers,  
Mashing fibers for each page,  
Hearing the slosh of those who tread.

Dark! Dark! A gloomy hour,  
Watching shadows stained with black,  
Stretch out the clanging by of moments,  
Draining away both light and power.

Creation of no man, still birth of thunder  
Like ink 'gainst the ocean juxtaposed,  
Going to an inevitable fate,  
In a state of ominous wonder.

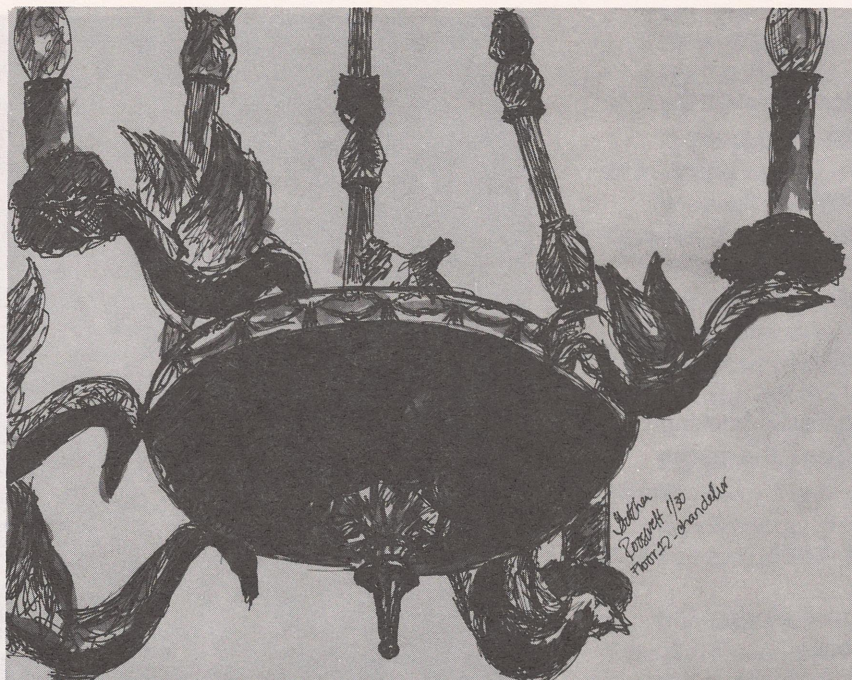
Robyn Growdon '88

The dark drive is quiet  
though moonlight floods the street  
and echoes of a childhood gone  
cause my soul to weep  
I see the ghosts of yesterday  
laughing in delight  
remembering their children's play  
and never-ending plights  
but the quality of laughter  
is strangely coarse and thin  
for a ghost can only be so much  
of what she was then  
and haunting music of the  
trees, dancing in the wind  
is the silent melody  
in my mind never never ends.



Lyn Robinson





Gretchen Strayhorn

# BEHIND THE STAGE

Robyn Growdon '88

The door swings open  
into another world  
My feet hit the wooden floor.  
The large airy room  
holds my reflection in many mirrors  
and sometimes I do not see  
what they show  
My bags down, jeans off and shoes on  
I walk to the barre  
looking at myself I begin to stretch  
I've got to be good today.  
I pull myself into an impossible  
position -- and stay  
My body aches -- sweat is formed  
my tights are so wrought with  
water they darken  
I move to the middle of the floor  
I begin to turn  
one-two-three-end in fifth  
begin other side  
I look at the clock -- an hour gone  
another to go ...

In she walks -- through the door  
into another world  
she watches in the mirror  
as I struggle with a series  
of complicated steps  
-- off her jeans -- on her shoes  
she looks in the mirror  
As she begins to stretch,  
the once peaceful room holds the  
hidden tension of two people  
-- struggling to be the best

I look at her  
she's better than me -- now ...  
But later I might have the edge.  
I want to say something  
but I can't  
She doesn't say a word  
She moves to the complicated steps  
... they're easy for her  
but the turns are easy  
for me  
To break the silence  
I say something  
She smiles but does not answer  
-- she's my competition  
-- I'm a threat to her high rank  
in the company

The door swings open  
and there walks a friend  
who throws me a frozen smile  
They talk and I leap  
through the room  
and dance  
Dance. I love its freedom and joy  
But I stay very quiet  
in the dressing room.  
Anything I say may and will  
be used against me  
For I'm a threat  
to the competition.



Jessica Gutow '89

Birds whip frantically through the  
air as the jaguar stalks.

All is silent.

Gentle vines reach toward tigers  
as the river flows.

All is still.

Men march fearlessly, hacking  
away the overgrowth as the hyena  
laughs.

Drums beat calmly.

Monkeys scamper among the  
trees as the snakes coil.

More fiercely now,  
the beat of the drums.

The wind blows leaves over the  
river as the men slow their pace.

The drums roar.

The jaguar pauses as the rifles  
are loaded.

Deafening, now.

The birds fly through the tangled  
vines as the monkeys yelp and the  
river quickens.

They beat explosively.

The insects crawl. The men go.  
The jaguar dies.

All is silent.

Melanie Russell '87

Life is like a head of hair wanting to be hairsprayed: we want to capture it at its most beautiful moment and freeze it in that style. Yet we want it to bounce and flow and shine naturally, unhampered by substance. The solution is to spray the parts you want to stay beautiful forever and let the rest flow free.



Lyn Robinson

Catherine Mayes '88

The world around me is changing  
And I'm being left behind.  
The change is gradual,  
But my awareness is increasing.  
I can't seem to get along with anyone.  
No one understands me anymore.  
I feel like a stranger in my own home,  
with my own family, with my own friends.

Every day I become aware of a relationship  
changing  
Everyone seems to be changing now, except me.  
My stability is my weakness and because of  
it, I am alone.  
Everyone seems to be moving forward,  
except me.  
I'm staying where I am,  
But each day I find myself further  
and further  
behind.





Becky Watson

JUST A PENNY  
Beth Mitchell '87

A penny for your thoughts  
They're not for sale  
Come on, here's a penny  
They're worth more than that  
How about a quarter?  
Not even close  
How much then?  
They're priceless  
They can't be that great  
They're not  
So just tell me  
I can't  
Why not?  
I can't remember them  
I don't believe you  
It's true, but  
I'll think some more -- for a dollar

HIGH SCHOOL JUNKIE  
Rachel Frey '87

In this age of racing cars  
of MTV and candy bars,  
We can't find time to take a look  
Between the covers of a book.

Racing out the kitchen door  
Cramming history dates galore  
Balanced meals are such a bore  
Wonder who got the best test score

Learning sly and clever tricks  
Nibbling sweets until you're sick  
Quick energy gives your grade a kick  
Too bad only gooey wrappers stick

For once you clear away the clutter  
Your diet's enough to make you shudder  
You can't survive on peanut butter  
Your mind is headed for the gutter

And you continue to feed on waste  
On food without substance or good taste  
You gobble trash with such great haste  
On garbage is your diet based

So before you're forced to face defeat  
Feast your eyes on some real meat  
Remember you are what you eat  
And you eat to live, not live to eat.

4TH PERIOD ENGLISH  
Shelly Martin '86

My gaze was fixed outside the window  
While their heated voices in debate  
Rose louder and louder --  
Until I could barely hear my thoughts --  
Meditations inspired by Emerson.  
Faintly, I heard my idealistic images attacked.  
"Be quiet," I said softly,  
But their voices were quieted only in my mind,  
While outside my walls their voices raged.  
Inside was solitude -- solitude and meditation,  
Transcendence and beauty,  
Idealism desiring shelter from the storms  
Of surrounding cynicism.  
Freud and the ancients roared, but  
Simplistic, holy quietude remained.



Rachel Frey '87

"Walk together,  
talk together,  
all ye people of the earth;  
then, and only then,  
shall ye have peace."

— Sanskrit

I sit in an old rocking chair  
And look out through the clear night air  
At all the stars across the sky  
And ponder every reason why.

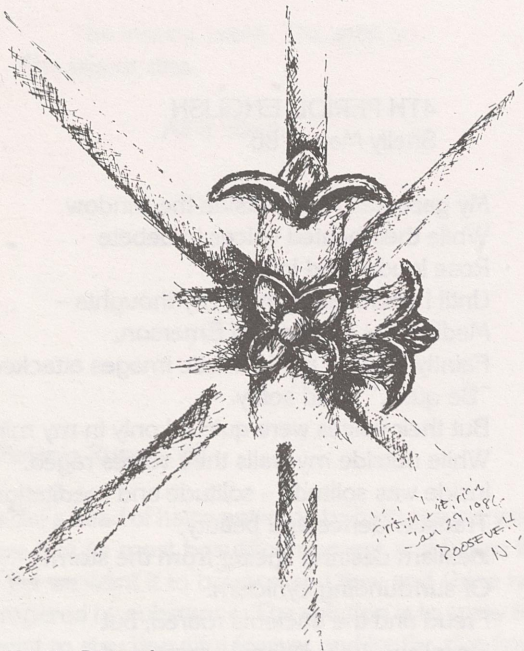
How could man fill with bitter hate  
And storm and rage 'til it's too late?  
If we don't try to understand  
Our hatred may soon be out of hand.

As sure as all the stars I see  
There is another one like me  
Living on the other side,  
Another one who's also cried.

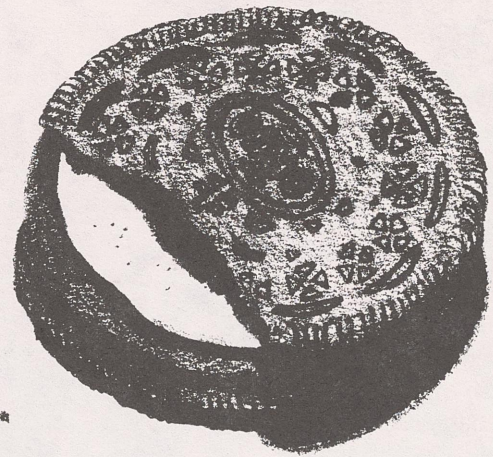
Her cheeks are wet with tears of pain  
She wonders what they think they'll gain  
By setting down their border lines  
And hiding their great walls with thorny vines.

Not until we open doors  
And care for others' healing sores  
And walk together arm in arm  
Will we, at last, be free of harm.

We must tear down that lethal fence  
For fear grows out of ignorance.  
As stars their shining never cease  
Only in cloudless skies shall we find blessed peace.



Kristin Dietrich



Cecilia Wong

## PASSING

Laura Francis '87

I left my son in a foreign place,  
or was it him I left at all?  
It just began with a mental race  
and the sound of a distant call.  
I don't know why, but I had to move  
away from my familiar town;  
I took my son and to me he proved  
he could change his world around.  
In a strange place I had a son  
who then became strange to me;  
We lost contact, his work undone,  
my lack of curiosity.  
I realized his sins he did at night  
and his laziness at day,  
But his personality was bright,  
his friends couldn't stay away  
One night they pleaded and begged this boy  
to stay with them and not drive on,  
Not obeying he left them all in joy  
to ride on the wings of dawn.  
Never to return my son had passed  
beyond human boundaries.  
I knew I must leave that town and fast,  
my son to the everlasting seas.  
I left him, for we had grown apart  
in this town, as a foreign man,  
I had to go with a broken heart  
and move to another strange land.



## APPREHENSION

Shelly Martin '86

I watched him encircle.  
Fearing the pain of his touch --  
But not daring to withdraw my gaze.  
Only my eyes moved  
As he continued along his planned course.  
The light flickered as he passed,  
Exposing the blood-stained silhouette of his body.  
He touched the surface of my arm,  
And I allowed him to remain there  
Until apprehension seized control of my hand --  
And I squashed him.  
Peeling his legs and blood-filled belly  
From my arm, I flicked him indifferently  
Onto the rug and continued studying.

## STILL STRONG

Laura Francis '87

My mental box of pictures contained a picture  
of you.  
You were smiling, so beautiful, yet I noticed you were  
in command.  
You were strong, always ahead of everyone  
around you.  
How did you do it? All my life I have admired your  
strength and grace.  
But now I cry. Oh - it's not fair! What has  
happened?  
One night you were agile, the next day you  
were shattered.  
Never again to sew, dance or cook - all the  
pleasures of your life stolen by a thief  
in the night.  
My first reaction was horror to see you  
hunched there lifeless.  
Then I was shocked, then rebellious -  
Why did it happen to you, my friend, my heroine?  
But you were strong like always.  
It was you who assured me you'd be all right.  
I came to comfort you and you comforted me instead -  
Still strong!  
Now I realize your physical change has not altered  
your unconquerable will  
My mental box of pictures still contains the  
very same picture of you -  
The way I will always see you:  
Beautiful and in command of your life  
to come.

## JUBILEE!

Rachel Frey '87

Yesterday I thought back to those days, not so long ago,  
when I stood in a field with my tiny hands folded across my  
lips, stifling all sound, to watch a mother rabbit and her fluffy  
newborn. I remembered all the restaurants I owned, which  
served "the best mud pies east of the Mississippi" on fine  
earthenware, when the creek dried up enough to open  
business. I thought of all the times that I colored outside the  
deep dark lines of my coloring book, and I liked it that way.

Today when I woke up and saw the cold grey clouds  
throwing sheets of rain down on the dusty sidewalks, I  
grabbed my sneakers and ran across the wet grass and felt  
the rain against my face and stomped through puddles of  
water in my sloshing shoes.

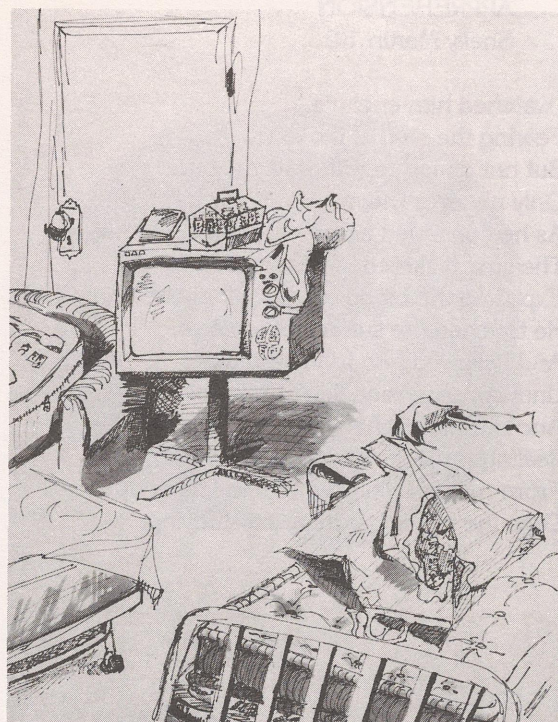
Today I understood.



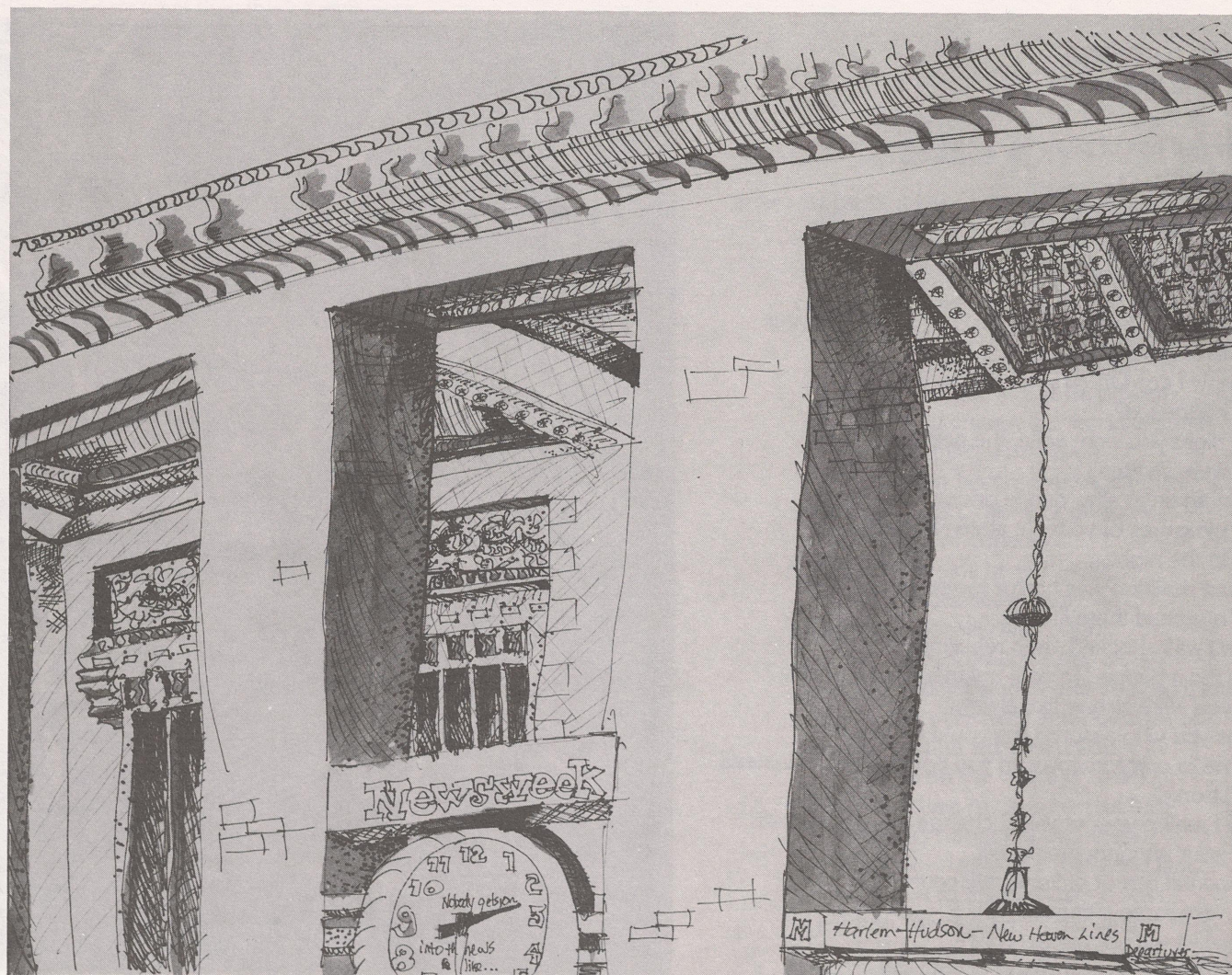
Susan McLaughlin



# Sketches of New York

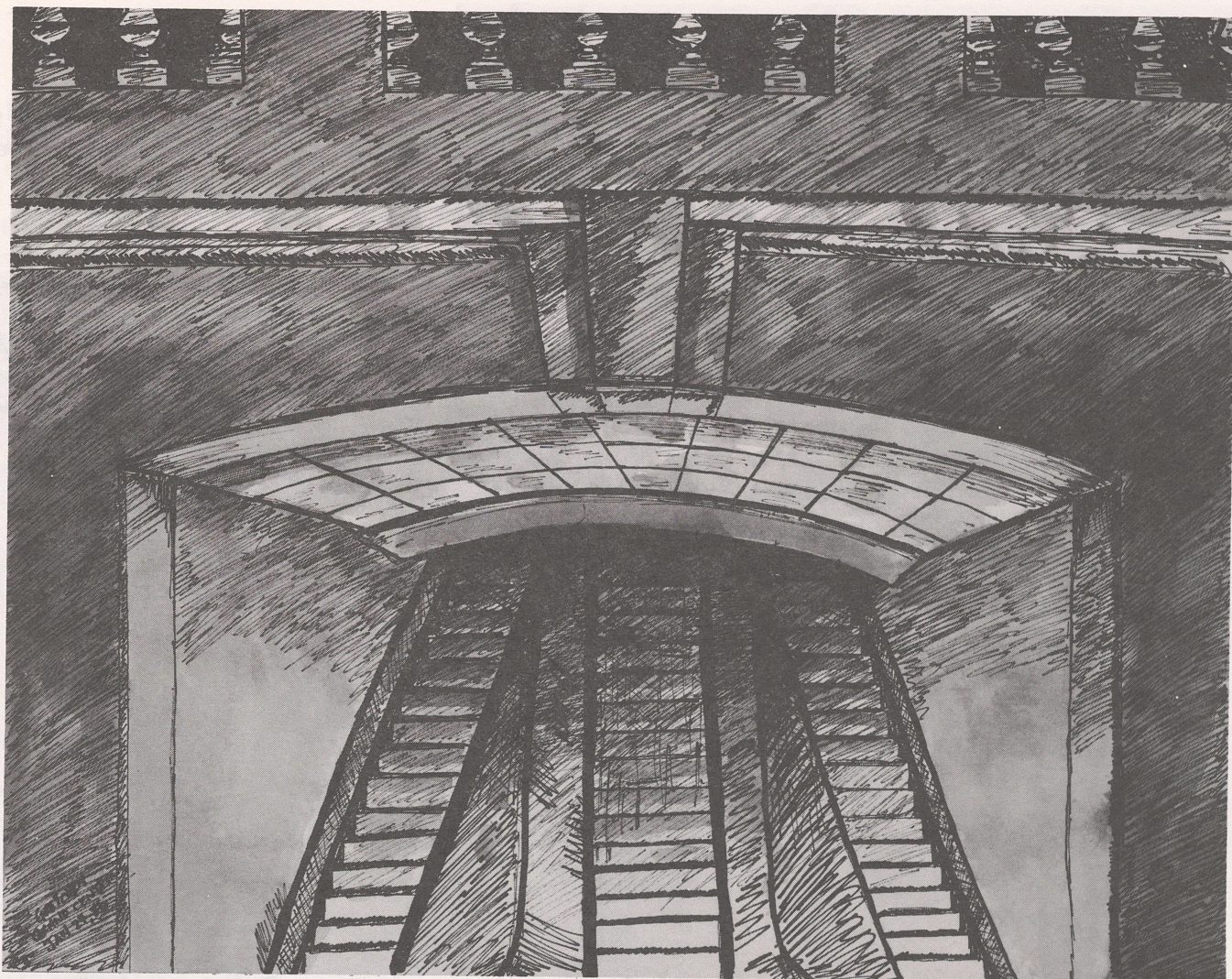


Andrea Carter

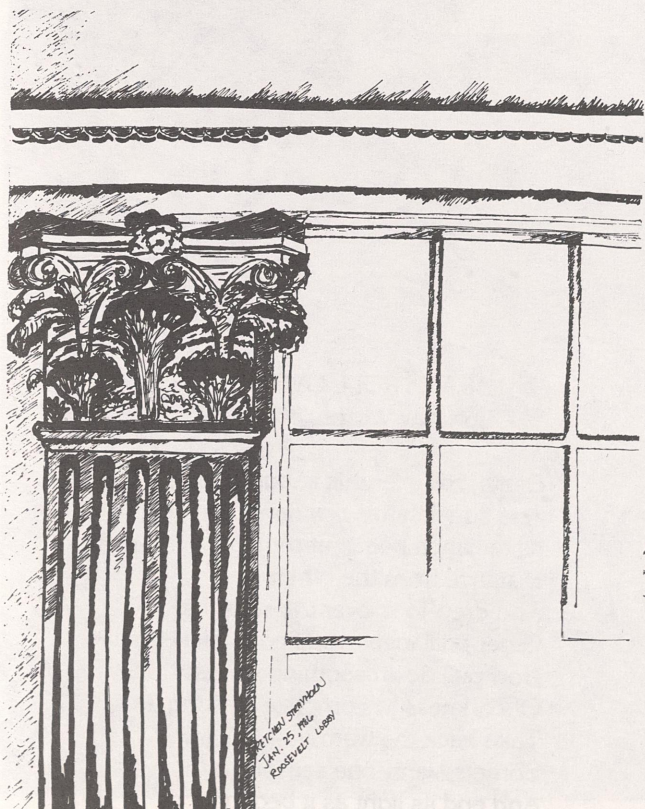


Andrea Carter

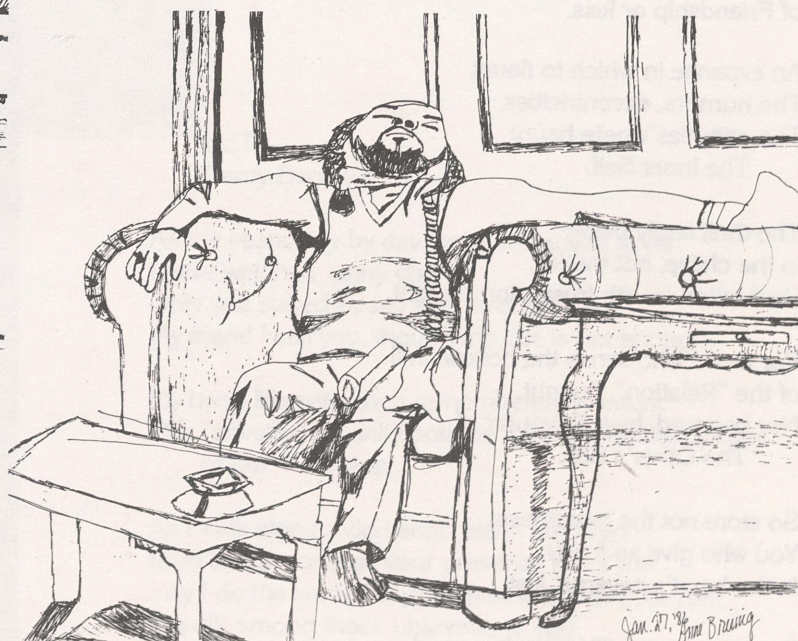




Gretchen Strayhorn



Gretchen Strayhorn



Anne Breinig



## DISILLUSIONMENT

Beth Mitchell '87

Not a bubble burst  
Not a dream shattered  
But a mirror cracked

Lyn Robinson '88

sing a sweet lullaby  
a luring dream  
in which a mystic soul  
is something to redeem  
a lusty thought, and fables  
are not what they seem  
imagination is no brighter  
than a laser beam  
that a little boy's blue eyes  
shoot with a certain gleam

## HUNT THE SELF

Lori Kay Wilson '86

Rapture in the undevoted bliss,  
Uncontended; without want  
of Friendship or kiss.

An expanse in which to flaunt  
The humors, eccentricities,  
The attitudes where haunt  
The Inner Self.

The thrill really being  
in the chase, not the kill,  
Dedication is with frustration fraught

For those who sense the hollow chill  
of the "Relation" Bought,  
Nor bartered, by a Devourer of  
The Other's Self.

So store not the happiness,  
You who give so freely,  
In the heart's caverns, lest

Someone, too willing a taker, steel  
Easy that part of you Best  
Able to Break or Make  
Whole the Inner Self

## FRUSTRATION OF MEMORY

Melanie Russell '87

when I was younger . . . do you remember my feeling of the  
time when . . . you should've seen . . . if only you had been  
there . . . back then, I would . . . that reminds me of . . . I  
remember once when I . . . I guess you had to be there.



Melanie Russell

## DEATH ROLL OVER

Lori Kay Wilson '86

Death, roll over this subdued spirit,  
And squelch this tiny flame.  
Its radiance began at remote  
Distance from the others  
And drew to it, over the seasons,  
Other brilliances, fortified or flickering,  
Now pull down soothing waves  
Of darkness to complete its struggle  
Take back the warmth it borrowed  
Some seventy-one seasons ago  
And end its light as it began its  
Light - Alone in the black field.



THE FATHER OF THE DOVE  
Beth Blaufuss '88

The Dove flew off  
Ready to bring sunshine  
into every corner.  
And she did -- most of the time.  
But there were times  
When the Dove couldn't quite soar  
To the heights to which she aspired,  
And it was then that she found  
Her Father.  
He had been there  
an occasional snuggle  
But little more.  
But then, one day,  
She came crashing  
Spiraling down to chaos.  
And she raised her tear-stained face  
And saw a hand outstretched,  
Reaching to pick her up.  
And he held her  
And dried her tears  
And mended her wings  
And let the Dove go.  
The Dove flew away,  
But now she knew  
That he was the wind beneath her wings.



Anne Breinig



Leanne Little

BETH  
Darcy Bookout '87

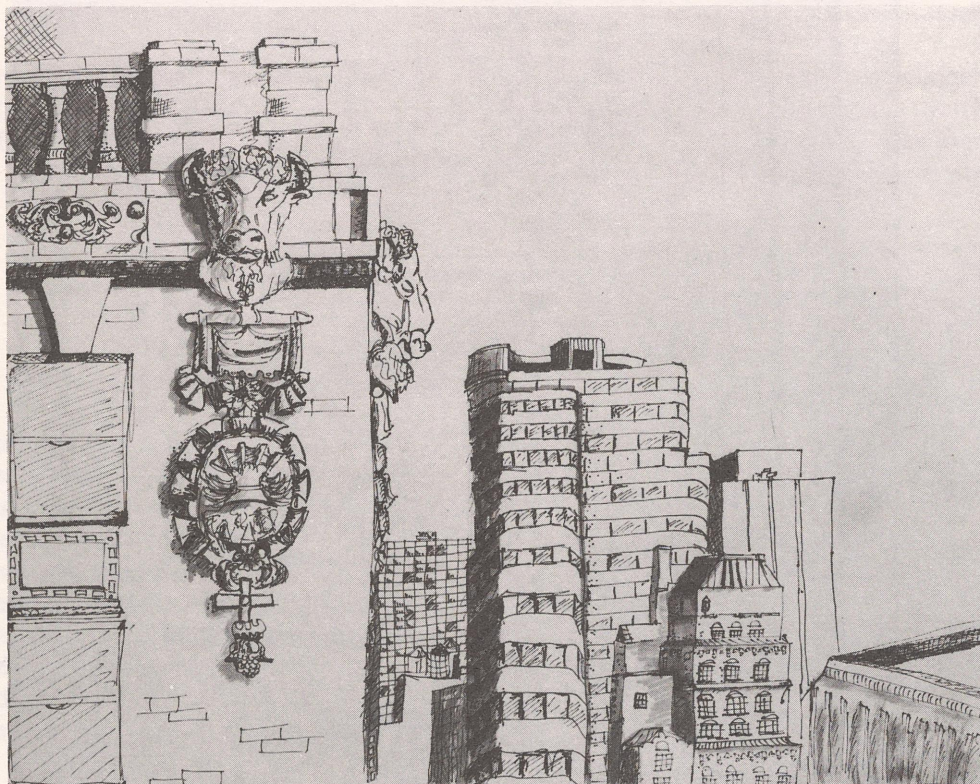
As the years, day by day, have come and gone  
I have watched many change  
Only you stayed by my side through it all  
My friend I call you, though the title is not enough

My heart lifts with each remembered moment  
Our "adventures" will continue to fill the endless pages  
of our friendship

As I walk along a darkened path I am filled -  
filled by the courage your presence gives me  
May I do the same for you when it comes your turn  
to walk among those unknown to you

To you, my pooze, I give my love, my laughter ... my tears  
Thank you - always - my dearest friend.





Andrea Carter

# THE FLOWER Beth Blaufuss '88

It blooms inside  
And screams to get out.  
Fears suffocate it  
But its nectar remains as sweet.  
It cries to be watered  
And withers with ignoring,  
But it does not die.  
Its petals creep through every limb  
And control all thought.  
But flowers are meant to give,  
And this flower has but one owner.

## RATIONALE Jessica Gutow '89

Could you have been more special, more caring, more compassionate?  
No.

Could you have helped other more, always putting your needs last?  
No.

Could you have solved every crisis — big or small — with a more reassuring smile?  
No.

Could you have neglected yourself for others and not realize that you were so much more than a friend?  
Yes.

And could you leave us here, alone, in the cruel world, having to find someone else to be helpful and loving, knowing all the time that you were free?

Yes, and you did. You did not realize how much you were worth and did not think about how we would miss you.

For once you put your needs first — and it was the last time.

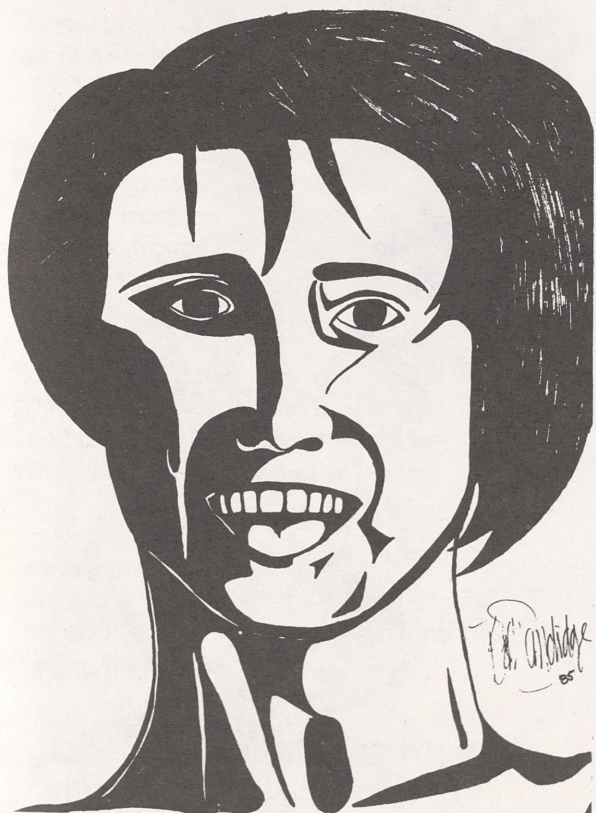
Perhaps we should have noticed and not have been so selfish with your compassion. Perhaps you should have spoken aloud rather than consoling others and burying your fears with theirs. But you decided to handle things your own way and now all we can do is close our eyes and murmur, "Perhaps . . ."

We loved you.



TRIBUTE TO BELA  
Laura Matter '87

Her blank eyes gaze up at the bell tower,  
Dark against the misty clouds that night.  
Her black veil grazes the cold ground  
over which she proceeds toward the  
vast wooden doors. There she slips an  
obolus into the pale palm emerged from  
the darkness. The rhythm of beating  
sticks and the low bass tones filter through  
the intricate folds of her mind as she  
enters the smoky room. She wanders through  
a mass of chanting capes until her  
focus falls onto the coffin in the center.  
The lament begins. The low, mourning voice  
entangles the mindless audience in its web.  
They watch in a trance as the performer  
approaches the casket. His wailing intensifies,  
embracing her whole body. Her mind can grasp  
nothing but the images which are  
now becoming so visid: the black box, the  
swaying psychedelic heads, the white veils  
flowing through the scattered flowers.  
The dirge gradually reaches its end,  
unwinding her mind  
from its mortal coil. As she watches the  
lifeless victims, she realizes that the  
bats were not dispelled.



Beth Sandidge

ROCKLAND  
Lori Kay Wilson '86

Riders on the storm ... no homes but feeling they're happy  
without commitment ... an open life ... "L'homme est né libre  
mais partout il est dans les fers." -- Rousseau. Promises are  
hard to keep when something more alluring comes along. He  
probably would only be a mercy friend if he stayed now ... but  
the death wasn't "scary" like to me; it was taxing because  
there would be so much to sort out ... roles are harder to play  
when you're aware of playing them ... Bonnie could have  
been much better ... maybe I'll lose weight ... when I walked in,  
I'd have so much more than when I last left ... then we'd go out  
and have candlelight ... candles are fabulous ... parents see  
things and the look stupid to ... I'll take my daughter to  
putt-putt golf and we'll try on stupid clothes to ... stay away  
now like you always have ... Junie Moon ... How traumatic ...  
because I don't have the tangible hardships ... no respect  
from those kind of people ... considered so shallow when I've  
gone through more ... "I'm with you at Rockland"

A SINGLE MATCH  
Darcy Bookout '87

Mind reeling madly holding back the fears  
Eyes blinking back inevitable tears  
The raspy breath taken in is sharp  
Time decays letting the dark humor warp  
Figures dark from the scene  
Perhaps one soul wishes it were clean  
Betraying Sun drops allowing Moon to rise  
Watching spitefully over the untimely demise  
An instant of unjustified fate  
And the beautiful is rendered desolate.

AN UMBRELLA DROPPED  
Tamar Charney '86

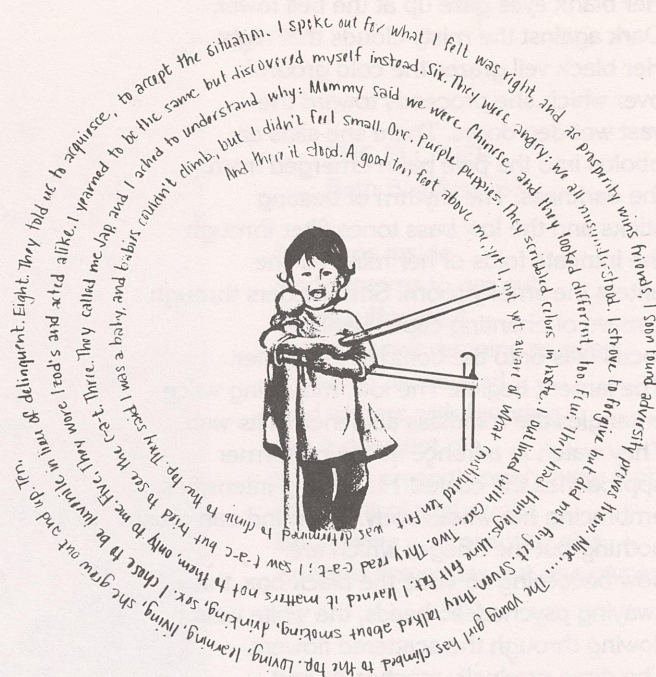
An umbrella dropped from the roof of the skyscraper  
The clock ticks away a second, two seconds, three seconds  
The umbrella slowly falls  
Past a window that is dark, tick  
Past a window where a child watches  
the umbrella fall, tock  
Past a window where a couple gently talk, tick  
Past a window where an old man  
stares into space, tock  
Down to the ground where an old woman and an infant  
play with a pocket watch  
As the clock begins to count the next minute the umbrella  
is on an elevator to the building's roof  
In the hands of a child.



HEAVEN'S MR. JONES  
Regina Allen '87

He watches the sky lost in its depths, melancholic  
tones relax his mind.  
The tree tops push their way into the bottom  
of his view,  
And the vertical sticks draw his eyes down  
To the shimmering heat distorting  
The green blades shooting from the ground.  
He follows their aim, and his gaze is  
shot toward  
A brilliant shape of blue illuminating  
from a field of green spears.  
A realization overcomes him as he wonders  
at the event,  
And minutes turn to hours, and the hours  
run past  
That he stares in awe at the blue piece  
of sky  
That lay on the grass.

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST AS A YOUNG GIRL  
Cecilia Wong '86



CONDEMNATION OF THE DAMNED  
Regina Allen '87

In a trance he stares at the corner  
of walls pondering the strangeness  
of empty feelings.  
Stone upon stone stacks to the ceiling  
and presses against their rotting  
skin.  
He feels the empty cold probe his  
mind for emotion and cringing in  
horror,  
It finds brutal wrath twisting its  
face in perverted laughter.  
  
Winds scorch his skin and he's blinded  
by dark light. Cringing in sin, he crawls  
condemned under the twisted ivy where night  
veils its vile stinking abode.



Gretchen Strayhorn



THIS IS NICE:  
upon visiting her at Springmeadows, Room 213

"Do you really like it?" was the curt reply  
To my well-meant, "This is nice," as curious  
Glances I cast round the unit (twas a lie.)  
So spake she and continued with furious

calm

"And the double panes of plasti-glass ...  
Are those nice, too?" Spoke I no more.  
"Birds' spring songs are lovely," was the crass  
Idea which next took form. "But that's piped -  
You won't see those birds

fly.

"But wait!" And flinging wide the sash,  
"Wouldn't steel bars be prettier in colors?!"  
Have I frightened you? Well, make a mad dash,

Feel free.

To leave is *your* option not mine."  
"Well, how have you been doing?" fell,  
Awkward among the spurts of private  
Laughter she stooped to

share.

"Alright - I'll play - Fine and yourself?  
Oh, how, ... how nice. Abused any small  
Animals lately? No? Pity. I'd so hoped  
We'd have something in

common.

What about yourself? Have you acted  
Destructively upon yourself lately? Oh.  
Strike two. Well, one last go at it -  
Do you prefer Sprite or 7-Up? Well there then,  
We've a world in

common.

We *must* do lunch. I'm just a wreck  
Without *my* calendar! My secretary will  
Call your machine - it'll be fab!" Shocked,  
Emerging from my corner, I  
Moved with instinct as though to

comfort

She spun, instinctive as well, to strike  
With one last effort at the Hope I  
Tried to protect not unlike the camper  
Who carries the rejected robin's egg

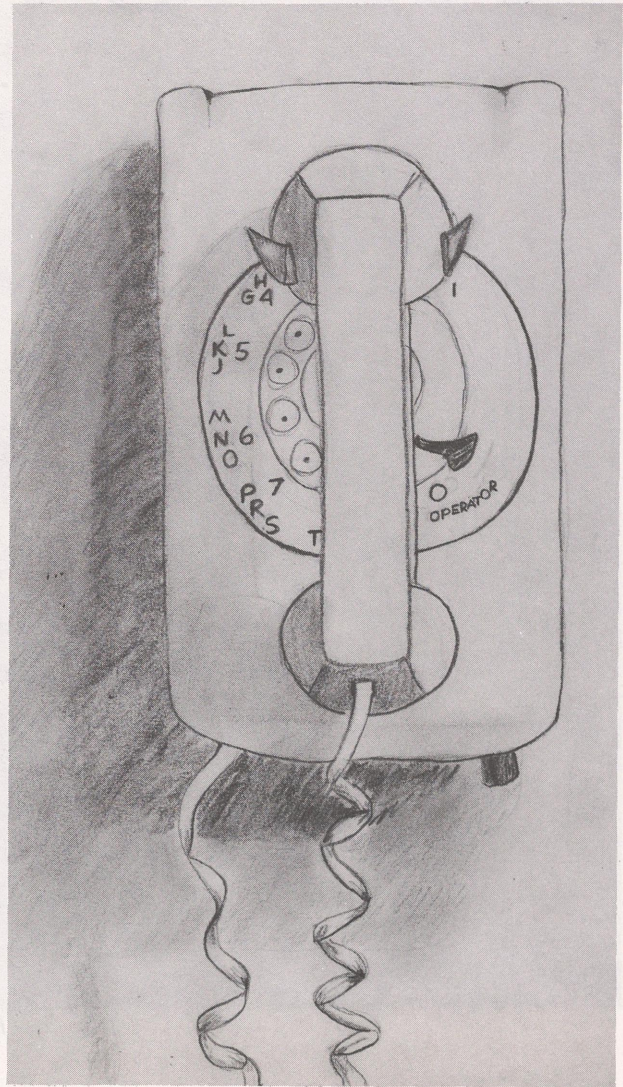
home

In a chubby hand, cushioned yet  
Guarded from escaping by stumpy fingers.  
"No really, I'm fine." Now she comforts  
Me and my role is confused, "This is

Nice."

It's a small noise, but it tells all -  
That "snap" - delicate as what it has  
Destroyed. Yellow spill forth and  
Blue is

consumed.



Grace Russell

ANDREA, FRIEND  
Cecilia Wong '86

Blessed  
once in a life, some  
not at all,  
to know a bond as  
I have.  
Joined  
by unequivocating spirit  
my eyes  
make no different  
no stranger  
no less.  
Kissed  
by God's hand  
in the shape of your heart  
I never  
love Man  
so much as when  
I believe  
in you.





Kelly Schmitt

# NATURE'S SONG, SWEET AND PURE Regina Allen '87

Wavering yellow in sheets of green  
sprinkled with red grain,  
Shining green from dark brown poles  
waving slowly in the sky,  
All join field and forest,  
Hear Her voice sweet and pure.  
Above, reflecting brilliant gold, the  
presence of the colors,  
Blue pouring around the majestic white  
of the Diety's abode,  
All join sky and cloud,  
Hear Her voice sweet and pure.  
They hold together Nature's sweet song  
Sung from Nature's loving hand.

Regina Allen '87

Chaos ...

A light from a Being strikes the first hour:

Order

Life blooms fragrant buds

Among twisted ivy and towering

Barked giants -

Man

Betrayal slithers from a tree,

Innocence withers on the vine and

Decays in dust -

Darkness

A light from a Being strikes the sixth hour:

Light

Forgiveness from a Savior: a star

Lights the path, a beacon to the stray and

A comfort to the saved -

Sin

Vileness returns crawling from the gutter

To strangle the

Blundering majority.

Apocalypse

A light from the Being strikes the twelfth hour:

Eternity ...



